

April 9, 1927

Events

MILLER
Secretary

Thurs., Apr. 7
Sun., Apr. 10
Thurs., Apr. 14
Fri., Apr. 15
Sun., Apr. 17

Coombs
(relary)

Sun., April 13
Sun., April 17
Fri., April 22
Port Arthur
Sun., April 23, 24
will accompany

GOODWIN
Secretary

Mon., April 10 to 11
Sun., April 12 and 13
Sun., April 24

EL SIMS
P. Secretary

Sun., April 16
Mon., Apr. 16-18
Tues., Apr. 19
Wed., Apr. 20
Thurs., Apr. 21
Wed., Apr. 22-23
Mon., Apr. 24
May 2

McLEAN

Fri., April 9-15
Sun., April 16-21
Sun., April 23-28
Fri., Apr. 30-May 6
Thurs., May 7-12

OSLING

Tues., Apr. 9-12
Tues., Apr. 16-19
Mon., Apr. 23-25

MERRITT

Sun., April 9-10

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THE EASTER Mar & City

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, WEST & ALASKA

Vol. VIII, No. 16
Price 10c.

Winnipeg,
April 16, 1927



THE FIRST EASTER MORNING

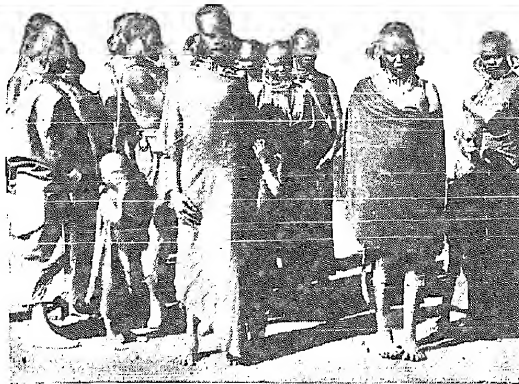
"Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni: which is to say, Master."
John xxi: 16. (See page 4)



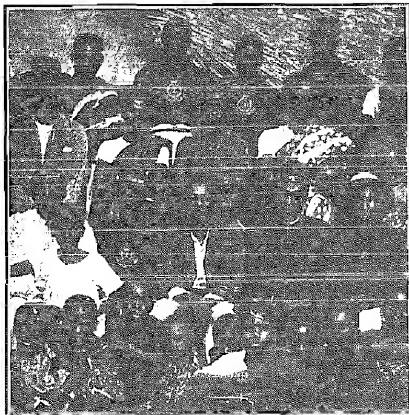
Here And There with The Army Photographer



Members of the Indian Criminal Tribes Busily Engaged on an Army Settlement



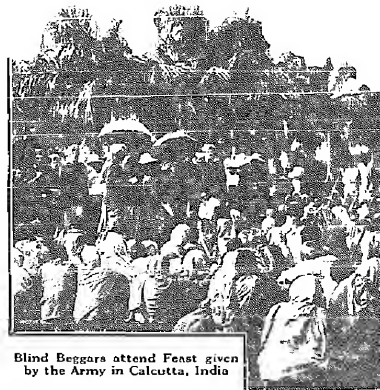
Kiluku Women, East Africa, among whom the Army is Working



Natives of the Gold Coast, West Africa, Converts from Heathendom



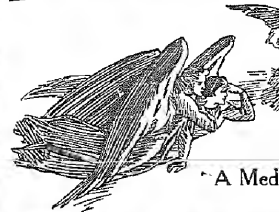
Norwegian Salvationists set off to Conduct a Meeting at an Outpost, on Skie



Blind Beggars attend Feast given by the Army in Calcutta, India



A charming scene in a Leper Colony in the Dutch East Indies



Verses 1—
"The First Day of the Week Cometh
Mary Magdalene."

You will remember this was Mary Magdalene, the Mother of Jesus, or Martha's sister. Mary Magdalene—she stood by the cross when Jesus was dying!

He had done much for her. He had taken for her when no other did pity, and he had taken for ever from her heart the torture and dark passions produced by the existence of seven years, therefore, in gratitude she came near when all were afraid.

There are a number of people who have been given much and who have experienced the assurance and power of Christ, yet they are not found near the Cross when His cause has been trodden under the dust. His name ridiculed. His Blood trodden upon! They are with Him in the march of the world, sitting in readiness to receive the laurels, always eager for further manifestations of His favor, but when the crowd cries, "Give us Barabbas," and it is a question between popularity and Jesus, they are found with Pilate.

Mary had seen Him die! Right up until the last she had expected some wonderful exhibition of that Divine power, which through His justness had been repeatedly manifested. With these illusions of His miracles fresh in mind, Mary watched the drawing out of those suffering his strongest anticipation that each moment would be in what would appear to her as His greatest triumph. The earth would rock, or His persecutors would be smitten; with one cry to the Father to Whom He had so often appealed, every nail would be loosed, every cord severed, every vein closed. But not to be; yet that love which made her leave that scene of horror and anguish brought her earliest to the sepulchre, for the silver dawn of the first great Easter had not yet broken through the darkness of Calvary's night when angels found Mary for her Lord.

It is Always Dark When Christ is Buried
The Sepulchre

How many are struggling with the shadow and cold of the grave, as Mary was that early morning. Their hearts thirst for the light that used to all it is dark, and there is a bitterness in the because Christ has been; they want the peace, they want to know; the world cannot give it. The joy that was theirs—it died its beams when life's struggles would have made it. They want the Arm to lean upon—it supports the waters of affliction beat rudely against the wall the palace which they once knew—it is when the waves of bereavement sweep through home. But it is all in the sepulchre!

The graves of our lost loves are not always places to visit, let alone under painful circumstances.

This is why people keep away from the graves in their souls!

Yet there are no many thousands who have a Christ in the sepulchre! They cannot have one who lives. He would want to be with me in company. He would want to be with me in the workshop, and it would go against me. He would want to walk with me in the street. He would want to speak of the claims of Heaven in conversation with my godless relations, whole of my little world would turn against me. "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

Yet they cannot dispense with Him alone, and to appease conscience they jump at a compromise and say they will have Christ—but in the cold vault of empty form—attending meetings—repeating in their own room their prayer, in the adoption of the name of His "A Christian!" But 'midst the rolling of the storm or the lasting storm of the unforeseen calamity the bitter waves of death, they cry out of heaven for the living Arm of help, and hasten, as Mary to the sepulchre—but to find it empty, for Christ is live entombed!

Verses 2—

"Thou Shalt Runneth"

Sho had energy and manifested it. Those who never get anything of great worth from Heaven for the simple reason they have not energy to take hold of the gifts there are. For that Kingdom "suffereth violence, and it shall be taken by force." Is not this the reason prayers go unanswered? There is no little

The Dawn of Easter.

By Commander Evangeline Booth.

A Meditation on the 20th Chapter of John's Gospel, Verses 1 to 16

(See Frontispiece)

Verses 1—

"The First Day of the Week Cometh Mary Magdalene."

You will remember this was Mary Magdalene—the Mother of Jesus, or Martha's sister, but Mary Magdalene—she stood by the cross when Jesus was dying!

He had done much for her. He had forgiven her much. In deepest compassion He had undertaken for her when no other did pity, and banished for ever from her heart the torture and dark ruling passions produced by the existence of seven devils; therefore, in gratitude she came near when all others were afraid.

There are a number of people who have been forgiven much and who have experienced the same love and power of Christ, yet they are not found standing near the Cross when His cause has been trodden in the dust. His name ridiculed, His Blood trampled upon! They are with Him in the march of triumph, their voices mingle with the Hosannas, you will find them sitting in readiness to receive the leaves and fishes, always eager for further manifestations of His favor, but when the crowd cries, "Give us Barabbas!" and it is a question between popularity and Jesus, they are found with Pilate.

Mary had seen Him die! Right up until the last she had expected some wonderful exhibition of that Divine power, which through His journeyings had been repeatedly manifested. With these reminiscences of His miracles fresh in mind, Mary must have watched the drawing out of those suffering hours, in strongest anticipation that each moment would bring in what would appear to her as His greatest triumph. The earth would rock, or His persecutors would be smitten; with one cry to the Father to Whom in public He had so often appealed, every nail would be loosened, every cord severed, every vein closed. But it was not to be, yet that love which made her the last to leave that scene of horror and anguish brought her the earliest to the sepulchre, for the silver dawn of the first great Easter had not yet broken through the darkness of Calvary's night when angels found Mary seeking for her Lord.

It is Always Dark When Christ is in The Sepulchre

How many are struggling with the shadows, damp and cold, of the grave, as Mary was that early morning! Their hearts thirst for the light that used to shine, but it is dark, and there is a bitterness in the darkness because Christ has been; they want the peace they used to know; the world cannot give it. They want the joy that was theirs—it shed its beams around them when life's struggles would have made gloomy. They want the Arm to lean upon—it supported when the waters of affliction beat rudely against them; they want the solace which they once knew—it comforted when the waves of bereavement swept through the home. But it is all in the sepulchre!

The graves of our lost loves are not always pleasant places to visit, let alone under painful circumstances. This is why people keep away from the sepulchres in their souls!

Yet there are so many thousands who will only have a Christ in the sepulchre! They argue, "I cannot have one who lives. He would want to sit with me in company. He would want to stand with me in the workshop, and it would go against my business. He would want to walk with me in the street! He would want to speak of the claims of Heaven when in conversation with my godless relatives, and the whole of my little world would turn against me and cry, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!'"

Yet they cannot dispense with Him altogether, and to oppose conscience they jump at a compromise and say they will have Christ—but in the sepulchre. In the cold vault of empty form—attending religious meetings—repeating in their own room their nightly prayer, in the adoption of the name of His people, "A Christian!" But midst the rolling of perimetry, or the burning storm of the unforseen calamity, or the bitter waves of death, they cry out of heart-hunger for the living Arm of help, and hasten, as Mary, to the sepulchre—but to find it empty, for Christ will not live entombed!

Verses 2—

"Then She Runneth"

She had energy and manifested it. There are those who never get anything of great worth from Heaven for the simple reason they have not sufficient energy to take hold of the gifts there are to them. For that Kingdom "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Is not this the reason so many prayers go unanswered? There is so little violence

in them—so little taking by force? God has always seen fit to reward the importunate spirit. Right from the time of Moses, burning pleadings, when he turned away God's wrath over the backslidings of Israel by the importunate prayer, "If Thou wilt forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy Book," up to the present time, the line of history is crowded with abundant evidences that this is the spirit which moves God's Arm. Too, it shows Mary was in a hurry—she had news to carry of a stone rolled away, of grave-bonds burst, and she ran with it. Oh for quickened feet to carry the tidings!



COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH
Commissioner for the United States of America

Verses 4—

"So They Ran Both Together."

Peter and John. They were two opposites in character! We remember Peter's troubles—how weak he was—how that after all he knew of Christ, when his Lord was about to be crucified the servant-girl's question caused him to deny Him. He was missing at the cross. John had stood by His Master to the last, and all along exhibited that strength of character that poor Peter so lacked; and it seems there is a lesson of great import to learn as we look upon the two running together and mark a spirit so strongly akin to that of the Saviour Himself. Strength helping weakness.

Oh, how many are running alone when they could be helping along another! Their feet are stronger and swifter than some others; they can quicker mount the hills of righteousness, they can better face the tide of life's hard struggle, but ten thousand pitiful if such strength is spent only on themselves! Catch the hand of a weaker comrade more trembling and more faltering! The crowns that are to be jewelled will be for those who have strengthened the hands of the weak and confirmed the feeble knees.

Verses 5—

"And He, Steeping Down And Looking In . . ."

Not only looked—crowds have been doing this for years, through a life-time, excusing their own backslidings by looking at other professing Christians as bad as themselves—looking at modes and measures that they may accuse them—looking at their circumstances which must likely are against them, for a man's surroundings are almost unexceptionally against his serving his God; Christ's were! Paul's were! The apostles' were! The martyrs' were!—but today they sing the Conqueror's Song upon the sea of glass. No, the verse does not say, "looked outwardly," but "looked in!" Into the grave, and as a natural result of sincere searching, discovered the cause of its emptiness. Christ was gone!

"Saw The Linen Clothes Lying"

Christ had burst the bonds of the grave—triumphed over the sting of death! He still carried the marks of all His Passion. There was the crown side He showed Thomas—there were the holes in His hands He showed the Disciples—there were the torn feet He bade Mary not to touch! He would carry them to His Father as an eternal testimony that "He was wounded for our transgressions, and by His stripes a world could be healed." But the marks of death He left behind Him; the grave-clothes were in the sepulchre. No garb of death hung round the Resurrected Christ.

Verses 6—

"And the Napkin That Was About His Head." etc.

The napkin was in a place by itself—it had encased the mind that had conceived and worked out the great plan of Salvation. And it lay apart as though to show that mind as well as body carried no mark of death from the tomb!

Redemption's plan is a living one! It is a living, burning, thing which no volcanic con- quench- powers destroy—no fires burn! It stands out before the world—the world of unbelief, the world of darkness—as a living thing—as did the mind of Jesus through all His sufferings and anguish.

You will remember they brought Him two different drinks with which to quench His thirst when upon the cross—one that was mixed with alcohol, and would have gone to deaden His sufferings—but Jesus refused it, keeping His mind alive in the keenest sensitiveness to the last.

Verses 10 and 11.

"Then The Disciples Went Away Again, But Mary Stood Without At The Sepulchre, Weeping."

What Peter and John lost by going, Mary gained by waiting; and so is often lost the biggest blessing God has to give by being in too much of a hurry.

Verses 15—

"Jesus Said Unto Her: Woman, Why Weepest Thou? Whom Seekest Thou?"

Mary had seen the angels. Angels are always near, whether seen or not, when a broken heart is in the dark seeking Jesus! But not even a vision of those white-robed beings and sound of angel-voices could soothe the tempestuous sorrow and alarm which tore her heart! No less than a Christ could satisfy Mary, and in impassioned grief, she cries, "Where have they laid Him?"

"She, Supposing Him to be The Gardener. . ."

So many people do not recognize Jesus in the common dress of daily toil, daily difficulties, the ordinary struggle of daily life, the small sorrows, hidden tests in secret! It was difficult for Mary to think it was Jesus when He looked so like the gardener. But it was Jesus, and Jesus was there to give her all that was needed and wanted at that moment.

"Whom Seekest Thou?"

That same question is asked today of the thousands who pray, of the thousands who weep, of the thousands who stand by empty sepulchres in their souls. The grave of a lost love, the grave of a broken vow, the grave of a forsaken cause!

"Tell Me Where Thou Hast Laid Him, And I Will Take Him Away."

She asked for the truth—good ground for effectual search! Oh, that souls would get the truth! Never mind if it's painful; better have it now than wait until it burns upon them before the Judgment Throne!

Mary was willing to pay the price that the truth might demand. It would have been a burden for her to take Him away. She was only a woman, but her love was strong, and love can and will carry burdens. Reader, you may have tried to take Him without His cross, but you cannot take Christ without His cross.

Verses 16—

"She Turned Herself, And Said Unto Him, 'Master!'"

Oh, what a turning that was! She turned from darkness to the Light of the world!

From sorrow to joy!

From disappointment to hope!

From death to life!

From the gloomy grave to the Risen Christ!

From Calvary's Sufferer to the world's Conqueror! That was the moment of all her life! Her search was amply rewarded—sacrifice abundantly repaid. In that one word "Rabboni!" (Master) was the acknowledgment that her Lord was found—the Lord of her life! And in the power of that Resurrection she would live and at any moment be ready to die, knowing that the great Hereafter would be but the fulness of joy in His Presence for ever and ever.

off to Conduct a Meeting at
out, on Skia

given
radio

to Dutch East Indies

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

"I AM a Christian!" What, today, does it cost to say that? In some company and in some circles it may take a little moral courage, but even so, the necessity for fear exists mainly in imagination, because the man who boldly declares he is for Christ invariably wins respect.

What did it cost in the days of pagan Rome? Here is a story from the records of the time; it is one of multitudes of others:

"A band of Christians, among whom was a boy of tender years, were seized in the house of a Church Reader, where they had assembled to hear the Scriptures and partake of the Eucharist. Being taken to Carthage to be arraigned before the Proconsul, they sang hymns of praise as they went along. Several were put to the torture for the purpose of extorting confessions from the rest. The ejaculations and broken sentences which have been preserved, wrung

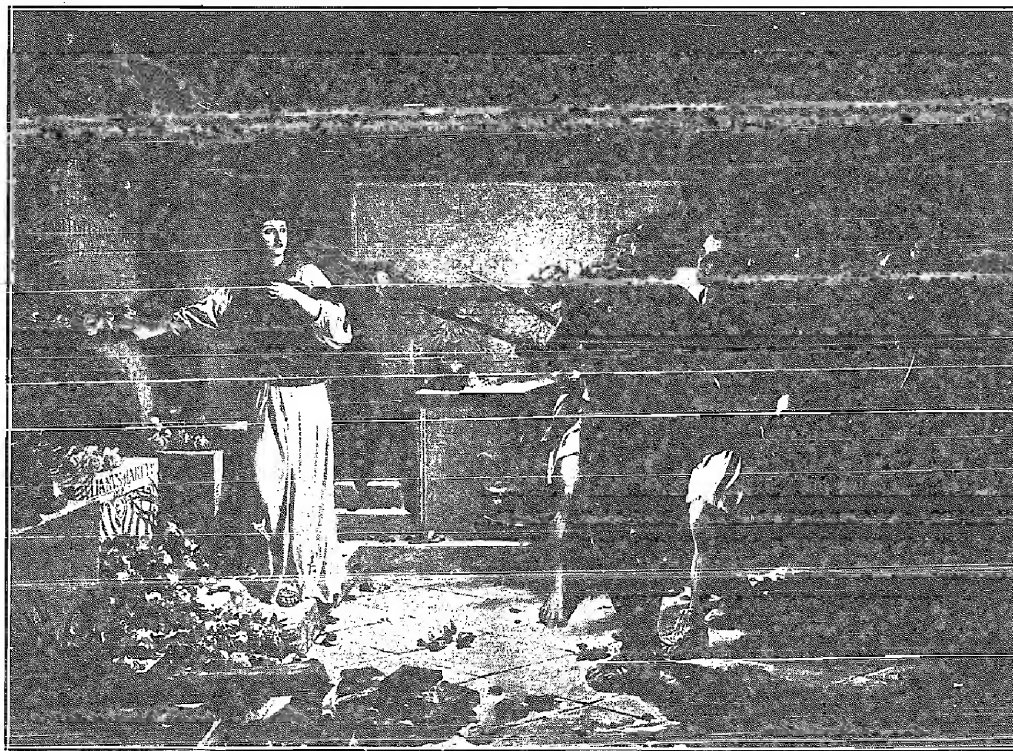
at the dauntless confession which accompanied it, the Proconsul commanded Thelica to be cruelly beaten and then stretched on the horse. The sufferer bore his tortures with patience and fortitude.

"Dativus, who was all this time being lacerated on the horse, encouraged his fellow sufferer, whilst he prayed also for himself, crying, 'Help, O Christ! I pray Thee have pity on me. Preserve my soul, and let it not be confounded. O give me power to suffer!'

"When it came to the turn of the Church Reader to be examined he was told by the Proconsul, 'Thou oughtest not to have received them into thy house.' His reply was, 'I could not do otherwise than receive my brethren.' 'The Emperor's commands,' said the Proconsul, 'should have been of more authority with thee.' 'God,' he replied, 'is greater than the Emperor. Lord Christ, grant me patience! Hast thou

The picture which is reproduced on this page takes us into the catacombs of Rome. The faithful daughter of martyred parents with loving care tends the grave in which has been laid to rest the mutilated mortal remains of her loved ones. In hiding in the city above, the authorities have not been able to find her. A traitor, one who in fear for his own life hopes to purchase safety by giving information to the persecutors of the Church, where victims can be found, knowing of her visits to the catacombs tomb, leads the soldiers through the labyrinthine passages to the spot and betrays her to torture and death.

The painter of this picture, the famous European artist, A. Baur, first won fame as a painter of medieval scenes, then he turned his attention to the subject of the early Christian martyrs, finding in it an inspiration which gave to the world some of its most stirring pictures.



The daughter of the martyrs: betrayed to torture and death by a traitor

from agonized lips under the rack, are an evidence of the truthfulness of the record, and seem to bring the sufferers very near to us in spirit.

"The first examined was Dativus, a senator. The Proconsul asked of what condition he was and if he had been present at the meeting. He replied that he was a Christian, and had been so present. 'Who presided, and in whose house was it held?' asked the Proconsul; and then, without waiting for a reply, commanded that he should be set on the wooden horse and torn with iron claws.

"But no sooner had the tormentors stripped Dativus and produced the claws, ready to commence their horrid work, than another of the prisoners—a man named Thelica—broke through the crowd and, presenting himself, exclaimed, 'We are all Christians, we have all been at the meeting!' Exasperated at the interruption and

in thy house,' demanded the Proconsul, 'any sacred writings?' 'I have such,' he replied, 'but they are in my heart!'

"Among the prisoners was a maiden named Victoria whose father and brother were still pagans. The brother had come to the tribunal for the purpose of persuading her to renounce her religion and of thus procuring her release. When she steadfastly declared that she was a Christian, he pretended she was not in her right mind. 'But,' said she, 'this is my mind, and I have never altered it.' Upon the Proconsul asking her if she would not go with her brother, she replied, 'No, for I am a Christian, those are my brothers who obey the commands of God.'

"As to the lad, the Proconsul supposed he would be easily intimidated, but even in the child the power of God proved mighty. 'Do what you please,' he replied. 'I am a Christian!'

Do we not feel our hearts also strangely moved as we contemplate the courage and devotion of these early soldiers of the Cross?

We are so accustomed to the freedom we now enjoy that there is danger we hold it in too light esteem, and fail not only to be grateful for it, but to measure up in daily life to the duties and responsibilities it brings with it.

"What would I have done if hailed before a Roman governor and given the choice of sacrificing to Diana or being thrown to the lions?" You will find the answer in your reaction to the opportunities for confessing Christ which come to you in your ordinary every-day life. Let us ask ourselves whether we can give a good account of our use of the advantages that are ours as a result of the self-sacrifice of those who have gone before us. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, every drop a mortgage upon all we have and all we are!



IT WAS New Year's night in the famous coal town of Albert. In an upstairs room of a certain huge negro was engaged in an had he been discovered by the earned him a penitentiary sentence white powder which was before he was taking small portions and wrap neatly folding the ends until the about the size of an ordinary post. He worked rapidly and nervously starting like a hunted animal at the stairs or any unusual noise outside. "Ah feels most powerful scary to himself, 'seems lak I see sense near. Lan' sakes I nevah felt so de mattah wid me anyhow? Is th I see on de wall? Dere—dere it I craves another sniff ob de snow. Taking up one of the small p his nose and sniffed up the conte

Calculating unholy "Dere," he exclaimed, "dat I into dis ere Big Boy. Now I f mah troubles and looking forward Le's see now, what profit does d transaction tonight? Dis pile ob dollara. Ah reckon dere is en hundred docks at a dollar apiece b supply for dis chile's own use, so least a hundred and eighty-five c Den dere's dat case ob whiskey dat ought to bring in—lan' sakes whacked which had so started h ghosting contemplation of his un angling then came to his ears a words he laughed.

"Jus' de Salvation Army," h self and prepared to go on with But the Salvationists had at his window and were holding the Big Boy, for such was the n strangely uneasy. Abnormally s addicts are, he got the idea in iustionists had come there in order his trail.

He felt the perspiration coming thought and hastily he gathered the table and hid them in a draw light he then unlocked the door of out into the hall.

He almost expected to find a nab him and breathed a great s saw the coast was clear. Being the door he descended the stairs "Ah feels so if I craves some was his muttered soliloquy.

Standing around on the side Salvationists were several acquai and he strolled up casually and

Salvation for the

The Army Captain, a young the ring to speak at this moment. Boy as if every word was direct The gist of her talk was that Je from his sins, no matter how to

"Come along to our Hall to about this wonderful Salvation. Someone prayed and the litti ists moved off up the street in Hall.

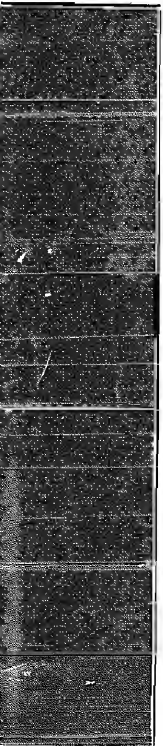
"Going along Big Boy?" calle on the sidewalk in a rather deris "Me sah, no sah, not me sa resenting the tone of the query. But in spite of this deris inward urge seemed to drive hi that night. For the first time in which stretched at that time ov burning desire in his heart to h whom the Army lass had declar sinner.

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But in spite of this denial of his intentions some
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that night. For the first time in his chequered career,
which stretched at that time over 55 years, he had a
burning desire in his heart to hear more about Jesus,
whom the Army lass had declared to be the Friend of
sinners.



Big Boy's Last "Deck"

A story of the Salvation of a dope peddler and confirmed addict

By
MAJOR
S. A.
CHURCH

IT WAS New Year's night in the town of Drumheller, the famous coal town of Alberta, in the year 1921. In an upstairs room of a certain boarding house a huge negro was engaged in an occupation which, had he been discovered by the police, would have earned him a penitentiary sentence. From a packet of white powder which was before him on the table he was taking small portions and wrapping them in paper, neatly folding the ends until the new packets were about the size of an ordinary postage stamp.

He worked rapidly and nervously for a while, starting like a hunted animal at every footstep on the stairs or any unusual noise outside.

"Ah feels mos' powerful scary tonight," he muttered to himself, "seems lak I 'se sensing danger drawing near. Lan' sakes I nevah felt so creepy befo'. What's de mattah wid me anyhow? Is that a movin' shadow I see on de wall? Dere—dere it is again. Pears lak I craves another sniff ob de snow."

Taking up one of the small packets he held it to his nose and sniffed up the contents.

Calculating unholy gains
"Dere," he exclaimed, "dat'll put more courage into dis 'ere Big Boy. Now I feels lak forgetting all mah troubles and looking forward to de rosy future. Let's see now, what profit does dis chile make on dis transaction tonight? Dis pile ob snow cost me fifteen dollars. Ah reckon dere is enough to make two hundred decks at a dollar apiece besides leaving a good supply for dis chile's own use, so I stan' to make at least a hundred and eighty-five dollars ovah dis deal. Den dere's dat case ob whiskey to peddle round' and dat ought to bring in—lan' sakes what's dat?"

It was the sound of a drum being vigorously whacked which had so startled the negro from his gloating contemplation of his unholy gains. Voices singing then came to his ears and as he caught the words he laughed.

"Jus' de Salvation Army," he remarked to himself and prepared to go on with his work.

But the Salvationists had stopped right beneath his window and were holding their Open-Air Meeting. Big Boy, for such was the negro's nickname, felt strangely uneasy. Abnormally suspicious, as all dope addicts are, he got the idea in his head that the Salvationists had come there in order to put the police on his trail.

He felt the perspiration coming on his brow at the thought and hastily he gathered up all the packets on the table and hid them in a drawer. Turning out the light he then unlocked the door of his room and stepped out into the hall.

He almost expected to find a policeman waiting to nab him and breathed a great sigh of relief when he saw the coast was clear. Being careful to again lock the door he descended the stairs to the street.

"Ah feels as if I craves some fresh air for a while," was his muttered soliloquy.

Standing around on the sidewalk listening to the Salvationists were several acquaintances of Big Boy, and he strolled up casually and joined them.

Salvation for the worst
The Army Captain, a young woman, stepped into the ring to speak at this moment, and it seemed to Big Boy as if every word was directed at him personally. The gist of her talk was that Jesus could save a man from his sins, no matter how far down he had gone.

"Come along to our Hall tonight and hear more about this wonderful Salvation," she concluded.

Someone preyed and the little group of Salvationists moved off up the street in the direction of their Hall.

"Going along Big Boy?" called out one of the men on the sidewalk in a rather derisive tone.

"Me sah, no sah, not me sah," replied the negro, resenting the tone of the query.

But in spite of this denial of his intentions some inward urge seemed to drive him to the Army Hall that night. For the first time in his chequered career, which stretched at that time over 55 years, he had a burning desire in his heart to hear more about Jesus, whom the Army lass had declared to be the Friend of sinners.

By taking a short cut he reached the Hall before the march came in and selecting a chair only three rows from the front he fell on his knees and commenced to pray in a mechanical sort of fashion, re-

peating over and over a certain phrase he had learned, at the same time fingering an old rosary which he always carried in his pocket.

When the Captain came in and saw him thus engaged she touched him on the shoulder.

"That isn't the way to pray," she said, "you should ask God to pardon your sins and give you power to lead a new life."

"Ah knows nuthin' about dat leddy," replied Big Boy.

Invited to the Mercy-Seat

"Then come and kneel at the Penitent-Form and I will teach you to pray, aright," said the Captain. "Come along comrades," she said, addressing the Soldiers, "gather around and pray for this soul."

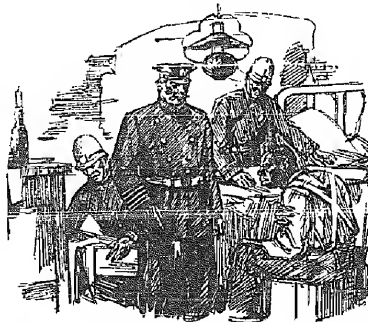
So the Prayer-Meeting was held at the commencement of the gathering that night instead of at the end, there being no hard and fast rules in the Army as to forms of service so long as the main object is achieved—the Salvation of sinners.

Patiently and carefully the Captain dealt with Big Boy, explaining to him as simply as possible how Salvation could be obtained by a sincere repentance and faith in God's promises. But long years of wallowing in the mire of sin, and the dreadful effects of opium, cocaine, morphine and other baleful drugs had so benumbed Big Boy's spiritual faculties and perceptions that he could not grasp the plan of Salvation.

All he was conscious of was that a burning desire for a change of life had taken possession of him, forcing him to seek the aid of some Power greater than his own to burst the shackles that bound him.

"Lawd hab mercy upon me—Lawd hab mercy upon me," was his reiterated cry.

The Officers and Soldiers prayed and sang and believed for victory, but though Big Boy at last arose



"Chief, I 'se done wid dat stuff for evah," replied the negro, "you won't find none heah now or no time."

from the Penitent-Form and announced that he was through with his old life and meant henceforth to serve God, he felt far from confident that he would be able to keep his resolve when face to face with temptation once again.

As he proceeded to his lodging that night he was accosted by many bleary-eyed dope addicts who slipped furtively out of the shadows of doorways and alleys, begging for their usual dose of "snow."

He stalled them off by saying that he had no supplies on him that night, and they slunk away into the shadows again with muttered imprecations, bidding him hurry up and get something for them. Some, evidently thinking that Big Boy was deliberately withholding the drug from them because he thought they were without funds, flashed a roll before his eyes. This failing to bring results they then threatened to "squel" on him and get him arrested.

Disregarding alike their appeals and their threats, Big Boy strode to his room and locked the door; the one thought uppermost in his mind being the obtaining of that Power which would enable him to live the new life which he had faintly glimpsed through hearing the Captain's words.

An all night of prayer

Falling on his knees he stretched his hands towards Heaven, those great gnarled hands which had felled many an opponent during his days as a prize fighter, and started to pray.

"Lawd hab mercy upon me—Lawd hab mercy

upon me." So he prayed till the daylight stole through his window, battling desperately against the well-nigh overpowering desire to again sniff the contents of one of the packages that lay in the drawer.

Cocaine is the most diabolical of all drugs. According to a physician well versed in the subject, it attacks the lining of the nose and brain. While taking it the victim loses desire for food and as a result becomes emaciated, irritable, nervous, suspicious, fearful of noise and darkness, depressed, without ambition and bad tempered to the point of viciousness. It makes maniacs and criminals, it creates hallucinations, it awakens every evil passion and accentuates it.

It can scarcely be wondered at therefore that anyone attempting to suddenly break off this pernicious habit experiences much distress, feeling acute bodily pain and getting attacks of what is known as "needles," which is a prickling sensation of extreme irritability. Grisly, hideous shapes also seem to materialize out of various objects in the room and feelings of terror and doom grip the mind, leading to a state of utmost depression.

Just what Big Boy endured throughout that awful night is probably beyond description. He was well aware that one sniff of "snow" would dispel all his discomfort and chase away the awful shapes that haunted him, restoring him to a state of contentedness and super-optimism.

In that upstairs room he fought the fight of his life—for his soul's salvation. And who can doubt but that the Holy Spirit was there to aid him in a battle which otherwise must have been against overwhelming odds.

Knew he had won

When the first rays of the morning sun peeped through the window of that room Big Boy knew that habit was won. A strange calm and deep peace possessed his soul, something unlike anything he had hitherto experienced. His fears were gone, he felt absolutely sure that his prayer was answered and that the great Power he craved had come to him.

Yes, he had become a new creature in Christ Jesus, he had proved that the Army Captain was preaching no myth when she declared that God could save the very worst. Is there a viler sinner on the face of the earth than a drug peddler, or a more seemingly hopeless candidate for salvation than a confirmed dope addict? He was both of these—yet the mercy of God reached down to him and the power of God lifted him from the dreadful pit into which he had fallen, and exalted him to the dignity of a child of the King.

His terrible spiritual conflict over, Big Boy rose from his knees and shouted "Praise de Lawd, I 'se a different man."

His eyes then fell on the drawer wherein lay the packets of cocaine. Stepping quickly across the room he pulled open the drawer and surveyed its contents. Only a few hours before he had been gloating over the unholy gains he would derive from the sale of the drug, now he regarded the stuff with loathing. All desire to take it himself had completely gone from him—the power of God had wrought a miracle in his body.

"Big Boy, youse tooken your last deck o' dis trash," he soliloquized, "now Lawd I 'se promised to serve You and dis stuff ain't agoing to do me nor no one else any good, so I aint to throw it away."

So saying, he took the drawer to the window and dumped the entire contents into the back yard. Next he opened the case of whiskey which was hidden under his bed and poured the contents of each bottle down the sink, throwing the empty bottles after the packets of dope.

Following the light

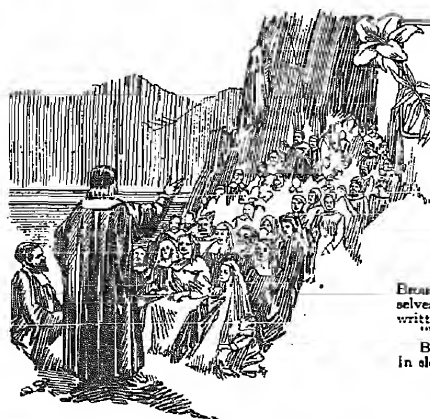
He thus threw away over three hundred dollars, the price he would have received for the stuff, and destroyed his sole means of livelihood. But his conscience, for so long seared as if with a hot iron, was now sensitive again, and a sense of moral responsibility for others had taken possession of him. He was determined to follow the new light that had come to him and which bade him do right no inatter what the cost to himself.

To make sure that no one would pick up and use the cocaine he had thrown away he went into the yard and kicked the packets all around in the snow, rendering the drug utterly useless.

The whole of that morning he spent in going around to bar rooms, pool rooms and other places he used to frequent, telling everyone he met that he was now saved.

"You're crazy, Big Boy," was the remark of the majority. "If we ever see you in an Army Open-Air ring we'll rotten egg you," was the derisive threat of one of his former customers.

(Continued on page 18)



We shall indeed drink of my cup

This stirring story takes us back to the times of the persecution of the Huguenois in France. The recital of the heroic self-sacrifice of Brousson, the principal character, should inspire all who read it to greater devotion to Christ.

Brousson's advice was virtually to condemn themselves to certain suffering and death. Replies were written, one (anonymous) containing the challenge—"Why do you not first return to France yourself?" But Brousson needed no whip to urge him thither. In sleepless nights he heard the groans of prisoners in

which he had fled some time before—the France that he found on his secret arrival had sounded the death-knell of every staunch Protestant. The pastors were few and far between, but untaught men and women had risen up amongst the multitude of hunted, suffering Huguenois, to read the Scriptures and to pray in public. Upon these "preachers" a double portion of wrath fell. Two girls, one seventeen and the other eighteen years of age, were taken before Raville the Intendant, and apprehended for reading the Scriptures.

"What! Are you one of the preachers, forsooth?" asked the Intendant, mocking, of fair Isabeau Redothiere.

"Sir," she replied, "I have exhorted my brethren to be mindful of their duty towards God, and when occasion offered, I have sought God in prayer for them. If your worship calls that preaching, then I have been a preacher."

"Let you know the King has forbidden that."

"Yes, my lord, I know that very well," was the maiden's reply, "but the King of kings, the God of Heaven and Earth, He hath commanded it."

"You deserve death," was Raville's brutal retort. Isabeau's sentence was to the living death of a life imprisonment in the Tower of Constance, and her companion shared the same fate at another place.

The Duties of a Comforter

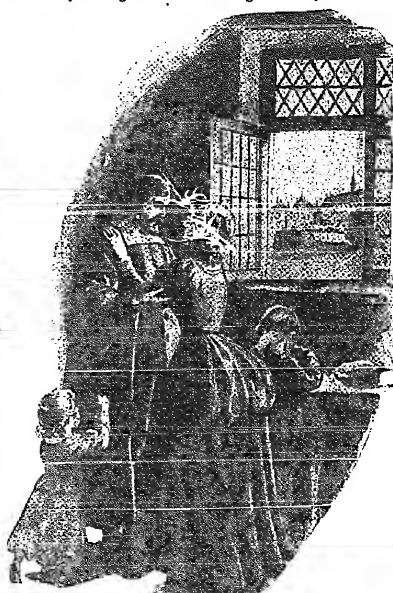
Into all this distress, uproar, and danger stepped Claude Brousson to take the duties of a comforter. His party scattered themselves in ones and twos on their wide field, and he walked unaided and alone through those mountain paths. He did not at once presume to preach, he was too modest to assume the position of a pastor, so he went about to "console and strengthen."

His unhappy brethren, however, soon began to love the brave man who risked so much to be at their side and they looked upon him as their spiritual leader. While Brousson was snowed up in his temporary hiding-place—a mountain sheepcote—a message came.

"Would he who was already their pastor in deed and affection, fulfil the office in very truth?"

After much prayer and some hesitation (not in view of the increased peril, but of the increased responsibility) Brousson agreed to take the step; so he was ordained amongst the mountains to his mission of love, and, as he well knew, to suffering, privation, and death.

The new pastor's activity caused the dragoons to redouble their efforts after such a noted heretic. But although he had discarded the sword which he first



"Think of me and our little children," she cried.

the Tower of Constance, felt the vibrations of the clang of the galley slave's chain at Toulon, and saw in waking dreams the uncarved-for remnant of Protestantism scattered in huddled assemblages among the hills. The anxiety preyed upon his health, and pain of body was added to distress of mind.

Calm Resolve of Great Purpose

One day he rose up with the calm resolve of a great purpose—he would go back and do what he could.

"I must return," he told his astonished and fearful wife, "I go to console, to relieve, to strengthen my brethren groaning under their oppressions."

Poor Madame Brousson flung herself at her husband's feet. "Was he mad!"

"Thou wouldst go to certain death," she cried, "think of me and of our little children! Besides, thou art no pastor, Claude; these people have no claim upon thee!"

But the man looked sadly upon the wistful faces of those he loved only second to his duty to his God, and brethren in the faith, and answered in words which left no room for questioning:

"No more claim than had we poor sinners upon our Saviour's sacrifice, Marguerite. It is a privilege to share the cup of His sufferings. Our gracious Lord will care for thee and our little children."

Then came his neighbors to dissuade their headstrong friend.

"Why canst thou not stay at home?" they told him, "here thy conscience has its liberty. Think thyself fortunate to have escaped when thou didst. Return, and the dragoons will soon have thee in their clutches and will hang thee for thy pains."

But Brousson's decision did not waver.

"My conscience would give me little ease were I to neglect that to which it calls me," he declared, "and, if it means martyrdom, when God permits His servants to die for the Gospel, they preach louder from the grave than they did during life."

Staying but long enough to gather nine brave Huguenots around him, Brousson kissed his trembling wife goodbye, and retraced his steps to the land from

THE sheep of God's flock have often had to wander upon the mountains; not seeking to depart from His fold, but, fleeing from the despotism of a ritual that their faith could not accept, they have found in the caverns and recesses of the hills freedom to serve their God. The brave Celtic folk, who gathered amid the shadows of the Scottish mountains, covenanted together for the truth, had their forerunners in the heroic Waldensians of an earlier day—whose bones whitened their native hills—and in the noble Huguenots, who, towards the close of the seventeenth century, sheltered from tyranny in the fastnesses of the Cevennes.

Silent Witnesses of Tragedy

Those grey hillsides and mountain glens stand monuments to deeds of mingled cruelty and bravery, butchery and martyrdom. They were the silent witnesses of the little band of quiet worshippers, the interrupted psalm of praise, then of the closing scene, when numbers were cut down to die as they knelt upon the greenward, and numbers more were reserved for a still worse fate. Memories of deeds of terror and heroism linger round those echoing mountain steepes, where many sealed their testimony of faith with their blood, and showed to the world how a Frenchman can die for his religion!

Amid the uncounted crowds of these persecuted people, there stands forth the figure of one who was foremost in the fearlessness and self-sacrifice of a great love.

Little did Moneieur and Madame Brousson dream, as they watched the promising studies of their little Claude, that those gifts were to be laid a voluntary offering at the foot of the Cross, at the cost of a life laid down.

Nîmes was comparatively untouched by the approaching flood of terror when the young man completed his education and entered his profession at the Bar. As yet, only the mutterings of persecution's storm disturbed the serenity of the peaceful town, and a Protestant lawyer might still obtain his briefs.

But Claude Brousson had taken a further degree as well as Doctor of Law. He must be the protector of the laws of a Higher King than Louis XIV. The eloquence of his pleadings was lent to the cause of the persecuted pastors and their flocks, and ever long, Lawyer Brousson became a marked man.

Amid the gathering shadows came the subtlest temptation of Brousson's life—the crucial point where two ways met. He might be counsellor in Parliament and win the king's favor and public applause if he would recant. But the price of his conscience was above position or gain, and to be a judge with a battered faith, he refused utterly and forever. He chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God."

Heard Order for His Arrest

Then drew near the time when his native town was pronounced "insurrectionary." Standing behind his open lattice, Brousson heard the order for his own arrest read out. He was one of the best-known, but also best-loved men in Nîmes, therefore, though hundreds of his townsfolk could have earned their Sovereign's approval and reward by betraying him, yet three days later Brousson escaped undiscovered, clad in a disguise.

Across the border, in Lausanne, the lawyer was at liberty to pursue his profession unmolested, and surrounded by his happy home-circle, he was free to praise God as his conscience dictated.

But tidings came of a great number of brethren who still remained, hunted like wolves amid the partial seclusion of the Cevennes. Most of the pastors had escaped—the remnant were already martyred, and Brousson trembled as he thought of the shepherdless sheep, left in their time of need and despair to become, perchance, forced proselytes of the sword. He wrote a strong letter to the fugitive pastors, in which he told them how they should have remained at their posts, and urging their return. The anger of many of the recipients of these letters was roused. Who was this unbending enthusiast who sought to push them into such a path of danger? To follow



SOON after the Army of Limehouse, a riverside London, a tradesman, Saxton, was converted to been a wild and dissolute his life and abandoned to indulgence and worldly pleasure. In Seaman's Lane, then a prosperous fishmonger, having been greatly used by the people, and a resort for all trading, gambling, and drinking on Sunday mornings. All the costermongers appeared with in the roadway; hawkers, singers, plied their different about eleven o'clock the came a scene of rough and with an occasional dog-fight man-fight to amuse the who had no more serious requiring their attention.

Into this street, shortly our work began in that marched a little group of Mission people every Sunday. They sang and prayed and fed, and, if the truth be told, added not a little commotion and excitement hour. The testimonies of the speakers — and test was their strong point — peculiarly irritating effect crowds. Particularly was in the case of a dwarf well locally as "The Midget," deformed creature who had merly been an "actor" Penny Gaff — a low the affair — opposite Lime Church, which the Found rented for our use.

The Midget had been in vile creature, finding an satisfaction in leading boys youths who frequented Gaff" into all sorts of ways. As he occupied for ing place a kind of den un "stage", he was always for any wickedness that along either by night or t drinker, and generally ab company in which he was houses of the locality we their taprooms, and pro liquor whenever he asked

A Mischievous

When we took possession the Midget's occupation w brated the fact by inven out almost every conceivable which could be a source injury to our Meetings or oddity of appearance and in mimicry often made very trying and very diff especially in the Open-Air that he was altogether ch especially in Seaman's L abuse of all kinds by the miserable dupes. They s insult was added to inju



He had to drive away its unwelcome wolf occupant before he could enter

carried, and possessed no weapon save the Word of God, he was not easy to entrap. For so great was the love of the people whom he lived for, that they would rather have died than betray their prophet of the (Continued on page 18)

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A Story of Early Days The Midget

By
The General



SOON after the Army began its work in Limehouse, a riverside section of East London, a tradesman, whom I will call Saxton, was converted to God. He had been a wild and dissolute man, reckless in his life and abandoned to all kinds of self-indulgence and worldly pleasure. He was a prosperous fishmonger, having a good shop in Seaman's Lane—then a notorious thoroughfare greatly used by the roughest type of people, and a resort for all kinds of street trading, gambling, and drinking—especially on Sunday mornings. All the shops opened, costermongers appeared with their barrows in the roadway; hawkers, beggars, ballad singers, plied their different callings, and about eleven o'clock the whole street became a scene of rough and noisy agitation, with an occasional dog-fight or man-fight to amuse the visitors who had no more serious matters requiring their attention.

Into this street, shortly after our work began in that district, marched a little group of our Mission people every Sunday. They sang and prayed and testified, and, if the truth must be told, added not a little to the commotion and excitement of the hour. The testimonies of some of the speakers—and testimony was their strong point—had a peculiarly irritating effect on the crowds. Particularly was this so in the case of a dwarf well known locally as "The Midget," a poor deformed creature who had formerly been an "actor" at the Penny Gaff—a low theatrical affair—opposite Limehouse Church, which the Founder had rented for our use.

The Midget had been indeed a vile creature, finding an especial satisfaction in leading boys and youths who frequented "The Gaff" into all sorts of vicious ways. As he occupied for a sleeping place a kind of den under the "stage," he was always at hand for any wickedness that came along either by night or by day. A great drinker, and generally able to enliven any company in which he was found, the public houses of the locality welcomed him into their taprooms, and provided him with liquor whenever he asked for it.

A Mischievous Midget

When we took possession of "The Gaff," the Midget's occupation was gone. He celebrated the fact by inventing and carrying out almost every conceivable kind of mischief which could be a source of annoyance or injury to our Meetings or our people. His oddity of appearance and his amazing ability in mimicry often made his interruptions very trying and very difficult to deal with, especially in the Open-Air Meetings. Now that he was altogether changed he became, especially in Seaman's Lane, a target for abuse of all kinds by the publicans and their miserable dupes. They seemed to feel that insult was added to injury when this poor

fellow, for whom they had drawn so much good liquor, should not only abandon his former ways, but that he should come forth to tell his story of a new life on their very doorsteps and to their very best customers.

A "Moving" Meeting

Perhaps for this reason, perhaps on account of the gradual increase in the number and effectiveness of the Missioners, the abuse gradually grew louder and fiercer, and on some Sundays something very much like a riot took place in "the Lane." The usual East End horseplay degenerated more and more into personal fights, stone throwing and aggressive violence of other kinds. The garbage of the street, refuse and offal from the stalls, and still stronger stuff brought especially

from a distance
by some of
the rowdies,



Seeing the plight of the poor fellow the fishmonger stepped out into the roadway and checked the rabble.

made havoc among the clothes of the singers and speakers. At last the police threatened to take proceedings—against us, of course—unless we stopped the Meetings. That, however, we had no intention of doing. Instead we "moved on," and on some Sundays the "service" was indeed a sort of "movie" though not of the modern kind. Marching slowly up and down the crowded thoroughfare, our people, though hustled and stoned, made great crowds hear their message, and not a few fine Converts were won, who did brave work for God, and finally passed to the better world.

Among those who had noticed the hostility of the crowd to the preachers was the fishmonger. His shop was always open from ten to one, and having a thorough knowledge of his business, he did what is called a roaring trade. Sunday after Sunday the processioners would stand for a few moments before the shop, speak to his customers, and he, working at his open front with its long "slab," heard and saw much that went on. Among other matters of interest to him was the Midget. I think that he had sometimes witnessed the queer performances at "The Gaff" round the corner, and he had no doubt got a fairly accurate idea of the misery in which the poor fellow lived, and the bad character which he bore. When, therefore, he stood forth from time to time still so dwarfed and contemptible in appearance, but now so lucid and definite in the story he told of a changed life, the fishmonger was first interested, and then impressed. Sometimes the Midget sang a kind of amateur solo. Though his voice was not very strong or very harmonious, there was something in it which made his words of more than passing interest. One song in particular entered the fishmonger's inmost soul:

Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day,
My portion never will decay,
Christ for me.

The disturbances continued and became more frequent and more violent. The Midget was made the special target for the attacks of the roughs. Every evil word was hurled at him. The nastiest filth and the sharpest stones were always directed to him, and sometimes he really did come in for serious trouble. But in all this he was patient and silent. The most he attempted in the way of self-defense was the wearing of a thick overcoat made of some kind of hemp material which was not greatly affected by the slush, and which seemed to have a softening effect on the stones!

Rolled in the Mud

One Sunday morning, when violence was exceptionally bitter, the Midget was thrown down and rolled over and over in the mud, coming to a stop opposite the fishmonger's shop. Seeing the plight of the poor fellow, he stepped into the roadway, checked the rabble, raised the poor little victim to

his feet and led him, to the bewildering astonishment alike of friend and foe, into the room behind his open shop. There he left him while he went to overlook the putting up of the shutters and to send him food, presently returning to receive thanks for this unexpected kindness. What then took place I know not, but what followed made a sensation indeed in Limehouse! The poor despised creature led the proud and wicked tradesman to Christ. The following Sunday morning the fish shop alone in all the street remained closed, and the fishmonger in his best clothes joined the procession which presently stopped as usual before his

(Continued on page 21)

The Detachment of the Resurrection Life

By COMMISSIONER S. L. BRENGLE

THE "Chicago Post," a secular paper, in discussing one of the popular novels, refers to "The Cry for Light," by the hero of the book, and says: "The authentic note of the human soul rings poignantly in that cry. It is both incitement and appeal. Can that cry be answered? Yes, but not by weak compromise, not by garbing religion in the motley garments of good fellowship and joining in the carnival; not by abandoning the high demands of the Cross for the pliant policy of 'Everything goes well, and everything is all right!' That sort of religion for a time may get glad hands, but it will never make glad hearts. Yes, there is light, and those who have seen its radiance must make it their task to remove the obscuring screens and let it shine. The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," as Paul calls it. That is the light of the world."

The glory of God is seen in the face of Jesus Christ and the knowledge of that glory alone can enlighten the world, dispelling its darkness, conquering its slavish fears, destroying its subtle sins and giant evils and turning it once more into the Eden that was lost through its disobedience.

Keep free from Worldliness

This is the great task of the Salvation Army and all the people of God—so to live and love and labor, as to unveil the face of Jesus Christ, and let the world see the glory of God, the glory of His sacrificial love, His atoning Blood, His sympathy and care, His mercy, His justice and His truth. And this the Army can do only as it keeps itself disentangled from the world.

No man ever mingled with sinners more freely than did Jesus, and yet we read that He was "holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners." He was in the world, but not of it. He was Brother to every man, yet He "did not commit Himself unto them for He knew what was in man." He mingled with them, ate with them, walked and talked with them, did not decline their invitation, but accepted their hospitality, and yet kept Himself separate from them, and so drew them after Him, and upward with Him. He walked with them, and yet went before them. He came down to them, and yet was above them. He loved them, yearned over them and longed for their friendship and fellowship, and yet He would not compromise with them.

The Pharisees and rulers were frankly perplexed and puzzled by Him, because He seemed to be unconscious of, or to ignore, all the generally accepted moral and social distinctions, and moved freely among all classes of the people regardless of their reputed character. If a Pharisee invited Him to dinner, to dinner He went with the Pharisee. If a publican gave Him an invitation, he accepted the invitation of the publican. If a fallen woman washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the flowing tresses of her hair, He did not rebuke her or shrink from her touch, but gently defended her from her critics and declared her sins forgiven.

He commended the Samaritan whom the Jews despised. He heeded the cry and heeded the daughter of the Syro-Phoenician woman who was only a Gentile dog in the eyes of his countrymen. He was Brother to every man. He was the universal Friend, "without partiality and without hypocrisy." And He maintained this all-embracing wideness of sympathy and this freedom of action by His detachments. He belonged to no party. He committed Himself to no man. Since He belonged to no restricted, oath-bound brotherhood, he could be everybody's Brother. Since He belonged to no party He looked upon all parties without prejudice and with utter impartiality he could judge righteous judgment. Only so could He draw all men to Him, and save them. And only so can His disciples draw men to Him.

The sure way of the Cross

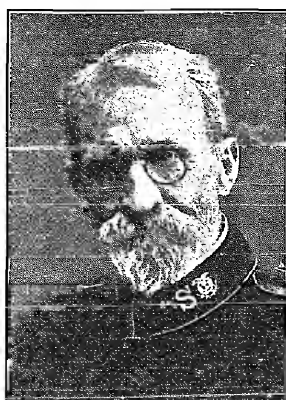
The Devil by subtle appeal, sought to entangle Jesus, but the Master chose the hard and slow but sure way of the Cross, and returned from the wilderness temptation. In the power of the Spirit. And always the Spirit accompanies with power those and only those who, keeping themselves disentangled, follow Him wholly.

How insistent and subtle was the temptation to entangle Joseph in the social life and fleshly lusts of Egypt! But he kept himself separate, and through the shame and pain and hardship of prison, he rose to supreme power and leadership because God prospered Him. How fearlessly and marvelously Daniel and his three friends cut their way through the meshes of the nets of Babylon that would have snared them, and stood free and more than conquerors amid the dangerous intrigues and jealousies and idolatries of the great city, until kings were converted and constrained to declare their God to be the living God, who only can deliver, and whose Kingdom can never be destroyed, but shall abide world without end, steadfast for ever.

And so the Salvation Army, through more than fifty years of detachment, separateness from the world, and uncompromising single-eyed devotion to its one Master and the work He has given it to do, has come at last to world recognition and acclaim. And with this recognition come temptations more subtle and dangers more destructive than any which have be-

st us in the past. Only by the uttermost circumspection can we hope to escape the snares that beset and will beat us.

"And darkness was upon the face of the deep. . . and God said, Let there be light, and there was light; and God divided the light from the darkness," we read in the first chapter of Genesis. And in this do we not have not only the statement of a great cosmic fact, but a parable of the divine division between spiritual light and darkness—between those who are born of God and those who are still in their sins? The unregenerate world is in darkness. We ourselves "were sometimes in darkness," writes Paul. "We walked in darkness, and the darkness blinded our eyes." "But now are ye light in the Lord," he writes. "Ye are all the children of the light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of the darkness." We have been called "out of the darkness into His marvellous light," and we are bidden to "walk as the children of light."



COMMISSIONER BRENGLE

But, as it was said of Jesus, "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not," so it is today. Unregenerate men cannot understand our aloofness. They are mystified by the austerity of God's people. They "think it strange" that we "run not with them to the same excess of riot" (Peter 1 Chap. 4:5) that we are not prepared to join with them in their feasts. As of old, they would like to have the sons of God come in unto their daughters and make alliances with them (Genesis 6:4). The world tries to fit itself up for marriage with the saints. The Devil promised Jesus the kingdom of the world, if He would fall down and worship Satan. And so we are promised ease and good success, and riches and popularity and dominion, but only on terms of the world for its own ends. Wherever the children of God have been seduced by the world's glitter and flattery, and accepted its offers and entered into alliance with it, spiritual decay has begun; quick discernment of the Spirit and sensitiveness of conscience are lost; the spiritual appetite for prayer and Bible-reading and soul-winning becomes dulled and sickly, and spiritual vision is blurred.

The Bible is full of examples illustrating this fact, and the history of the Church from the days where Church and State were wedded together by Constan-

tine is replete with examples of such decadence. Every great spiritual movement like the Reformation, the rise of Puritanism, the Quakers, Methodism and the Salvation Army, as well as every local revival in Church or Army Hall, has been accomplished by a call for people who would be saved and purified and empowered by the Spirit to come out and be separate. Self-denial and cross-bearing are wholly inconsistent with worldly alliances and entanglements.

That communion bath light, with darkness? asks Paul. "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord." This has been the principle and practice of the Salvation Army from the beginning. And we must hold fast to the principle and maintain the practice, if we wish to retain spiritual power.

Ambassadors of Christ

We must keep ourselves separate and disentangled for the sake of our freedom of action. We are Soldiers, and no true Soldier entangles himself in business or social or political affairs, and especially does he hold himself aloof from embarrassing associations with the people with whom he is at war. We are ambassadors of Jesus Christ, and of Heaven, and however friendly an ambassador may be with the nation to whom he is accredited, he never forgets that his whole loyalty and full service must be given to the interest of his own country, and he must not for an instant allow himself any association, however innocent it may appear, that may in any measure curtail his freedom of action in the interests of his own country.

We are "kings and priests unto God," like Nehemiah. We have a great work to do, and all sorts of schemes, intrigues and stratagems will be used to entangle us. "Advisory boards" will try to constitute themselves boards of control. Rich men will give us money on condition that they can have a veto on our freedom in the use of it. Political parties and fraternal organizations will be our friends, but will insist on having a voice in our inner councils, and in the shaping of our policies or in the discipline and control of our members. If we want to be free to act as an Army, and each as a loyal Soldier of our Army, we must be a separate people. We must be whole-hearted, out-and-out Salvationists, with no vows upon us other than those we have made to God and the Army and to our wives and husbands.

Again, we must maintain our freedom that our judgment may be unclouded and impartial. In Christ Jesus "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all," wrote Paul. If he were writing today I think he would say, "There is neither Englishman nor Irishman, German nor Frenchman, American nor Japanese; black, yellow nor white; Catholic nor Jew, Protestant nor Mohammedan, but Christ is all, and in all." Jesus "tasted death for every man." "The arms of love that compass me would all mankind embrace." The Salvation Army opens wide its arms as does its Master; and you and I, my Comrades, must, if we would follow Him and walk in the footsteps of our Founder, as he walked in the footsteps of the Saviour, enter into no association and allow ourselves to become possessed of no party spirit that would cloud our judgment, narrow the breadth of our sympathy or chill the ardour of our love for all mankind.

Failed to grasp God's purpose

It was at this point that the ancient Jew and especially the Pharisee failed. They were God's chosen people. Through them the great revelation of God, of His character, His mind, His will, came. They were separated from all the peoples of the earth by divine command. But they forgot or failed to comprehend that this was for the purpose of so protecting them from degrading influences and illuminating and instructing them, that they might become a channel through which God could bless "all the families of the earth." They failed to grasp the purpose of their separation.

God's thought was to protect and liberate them from enslaving idolatries, degrading superstitions, debasing lusts and orgies of passion, injustice, pride and pomp and vaunting ambitions. But they fell into a pit of spiritual pride and became utterly narrow and bigoted, "trusting in themselves that they were righteous and despising others." Through them God wanted to reveal and pour out the ocean of His love upon the whole world. But they failed Him. But He has raised up the Army and made us a great, happy daredevil, distinct people, through whom He can work His soul-saving purposes. Hitherto He has found us an instrument meet for His use. But, like the Jews, and many sects, we shall fail Him if we do not keep ourselves like our Master, "holy, harmless, undefiled and separate," and at the same time keep our hearts full of the "wisdom that is from above, first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy," and "sowing in peace the fruits of righteousness." (James 3:17.)

NOTE.—This is a chapter from Commissioner Brengle's book "Resurrection Life and Power," which we would advise all our readers to obtain. It will be a spiritual tonic to them. Obtainable from the Trade Secretary, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg. Price \$1.25, Postage 10c.

Easter

He is not here—the Lord is risen.
Before you He is gone, 'till as He said,
To Galilee. Why seek ye Him among the dead?
Death's bonds are broken. He hath left the prison.
Oh! glorious message! Oh! entrancing vision!
Bright morning breaks: gone is the night of drear!
With hearts thrill those gentle women sped
To publish the great tidings—"He is risen!"

Still speed the Gospel of a risen Lord—
The happy message of an Easter morn—
Till all the earth shall hear the joyful song.
Swell out the glad refrain in sweet accord:
The dead in sin shall hear and be re-born
To life eternal, beautiful, and strong.
—James Galloway.



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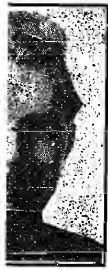
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BRIGADIER CARTER



MAJOR MERRETT



True Stories of Spiritual Resurrections



LT.-COL. GOODWIN



MUTTART

Eighty

day by day became stronger in her Christian experience and gained complete victory over the things that once held her captive. This wonderful deliverance from these evils took place two and half years ago and she is now actively engaged in the Social Work, carrying the message of love, mercy and deliverance to those among whom she labors.

A Fugitive from Justice Surrenders to Christ

By Lt.-Colonel Goodwin,
Assistant Field Secretary

ONE particular Sunday at a certain Corps, we had a specially hard day and the Prayer-Meeting had been in progress for considerable time without result, when all at once a tall, well dressed man walked up the aisle of the Citadel and knelt at the Penitent-Form. He was dealt with in the usual way, but no light seemed to come to this seeking soul, and finally he confessed himself as a fugitive from justice, he being guilty on many occasions of thieving in different parts of the Dominion.

We approached him on the question of his willingness to give himself up to the authorities. He declared he was willing to face even this—anything to find peace with God. I accompanied him to the Provincial Police Office where he gave his statement in detail. To those who heard it it seemed almost unbelievable, but all proved true, word for word. We left him that night with promise of a visit the following day.

We then found him rejoicing in the favor of God, although a prisoner. He served his sentence and afterwards enlisted for service in the Great War, where he laid down his life for his country. Before leaving Canada he left a definite testimony to the saving power of God. Truly, "His blood can make the vilest clean."

A Woman Drunkard Changed by Divine Power

By Mrs. Brigadier Carter

MRS W— left the Old Land with her husband and two children for the Dominion of New Zealand. They travelled on the ship with some Salvation Army Officers bound for the same destination. Both Mrs. W— and her husband had been in the habit of taking dinner and supper beer, like many of the folk in the homeland, but had suffered no noticeably bad effects from the habit.

On reaching the new land they found that this was not considered a respectable and proper thing to do, and Mrs. W— soon got into bad company through taking her glass of beer. It was not very long before she had become a drunkard, neglecting her home and children so much that the educational authorities took her children from her and boarded them out. Mr. W— having to pay their board.

This was a terrible shock to the poor mother, for she was very fond of her children. Because she waited outside the school to see them, they were moved away where she was not able to trace them. From time to time she was visited by Army Officers who tried to persuade her to leave drink alone, but to no purpose, so it seemed.

But one wet Monday morning as the poor woman made her way along the street she noticed a very small text card on the ground which had evidently been dropped by a child going home from Sunday school the day before.

She picked up the little card, about an inch long and half an inch wide, took it home and turned the tap on it to wash away the mud. Then she was arrested by the four words on it, "We Walk by Faith."

Surely it was the Holy Spirit doing His own work

As related by Staff and Field of the Canada West Territory

through that short message to that dark soul, not only impressed her mind but got right into her heart, and she began to pray.

To use her own words, "I never knew how the devil had bound me till I tried to break away from him, it seemed as though I was in a vice and could move." But she kept on praying and the devil sank in deeper, till one day she was delivered from him and the power of sin, and set free. It was salvation, for instead of drink and neglect, she was work cleaning offices that she might make her home, and prove that she was now worthy to live in the children again. How she worked, and with the pleasure she bought pieces after pieces of furniture, bedding, clothing, pictures, ornaments, rug, pots and pans, etc., until—what a change, instead of a miserably furnished room, there was a nicely curtained clean little home.

The police magistrate insisted that there should be three suits of wearing apparel for both boy and girl and proper bedding for each, before he would permit the return of the children. When all had been purchased and a written request signed by the Officer, the district nurse, who had seen the change, the church deaconess and the police magistrate gave his consent to the children being sent back to the parents.

Now there must be a celebration, not with a big feast, but a nice tea, with an ice-cream cake for the children who had been hidden for a long year from their poor mother. How we enjoyed the gathering, the nurse, the deaconess, the Army Officer and the children.

We thanked God, not only for the woman's salvation and the restoration of the home and family, but that He had verified His promise, "My Word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish which I please, and shall prosper in that wherein I send it."

From Thievery to Honesty

By Commandant Muttart,
Calgary Children's Home

WHEN I was stationed at P— A— some years ago I came across a man who at one time had been in Toronto. He told me he tried to get into one of the large stores as a floorwalker but was told that their store was well protected. He left the store and went down to the street and soon returned with a watch, a diamond ring and other things and sold them at the office how well their store was protected then went on his way.

On another occasion he was in a bar and was very friendly with a cattle buyer. As they were drinking together he kept a lookout where the cattle buyer kept his money, and watching his chance slipped his hand into the man's pocket and left with the money some sixteen hundred dollars. He went to another bar and began passing out ten dollar bills in great quantities. In a few days it was all gone. He then beat his way west, arriving at P— A— a friendless and penniless man, and pretty well down in the dumps. He walked the streets all night considering whether to throw himself under a street car or jump into the river and end his miserable existence.

Finally daybreak came and he wandered up the street by our Hall and came in. I happened to be doing some work there at the time, and could see at glance that he was very unhappy, so began talking to him and finally got him on his knees, prayed with him and got him to pray for himself. He could not get up anywhere, however, he would get to his feet and walk up and down the aisle, but I stayed on my knees and continued talking to him. Then he would walk down again. The last time, while on his knees, he turned and asked me if I had taken anything of his. I said "No." "Well," he said, "I feel different. He came to the Meeting and testified to what the Lord had done for him. I then got him some food, supplied him with food, and the last I know of him was getting along nicely."

Called forth from Selfish Ease to Service for Others

By Brigadier Carter,
Training Garrison Principal

WAS during the period of the Great War, and consequent closing of the Men's Wing of the New Zealand Training Garrison, that Mrs. Carter and I were deputed to tour the north island of New Zealand, conducting Revival Meetings.

We had the joy of seeing many souls saved, but the case was unique in the way the seeker came to the Mercy-Seat, and the sequel to the incident is so beautiful that one cannot refrain from telling the whole story.

It was in New Plymouth, on the east coast of New Zealand. The message in song and testimony had been set forth, when immediately following my Bible lesson and invitation, a young woman rose and knelt and began to pray.

Mrs. Carter, noticing the unusual procedure, went forward and knelt at the Mercy-Seat, and the great joy of leading her into a definite knowledge of salvation. The usual entries in the Penitent-Form book were doubtless made, and she left the place a happy soul.

From this city I was called by wire to enter one of the military camps of New Zealand, and was appointed to explain to the Expeditionary Forces at Taurenika, a Featherston.

Being accustomed to seeing seekers at the Mercy-Seat, the incident, above related, quickly passed from my mind. After some two years in khaki I was spending a day in Wellington, and on my way to our home, which was situated immediately behind the Training Garrison, I passed through the kitchen, and on my way a bright looking young Lieutenant, who graciously saluted me. I returned the salute, but with disappointment on her face that I didn't know her. I said "I am sorry but I don't remember seeing you before." She at once replied, "Don't you remember your visit to New Plymouth?" I said, "Yes." "Do you remember your Sunday night there?" "Yes." "Do you remember the young woman coming and kneeling on the Penitent-Form?" "Yes." "That was" she said.

She had taken her stand as a Soldier, received the for Officership, passed successfully through Training several years successful work as a Field Officer in New Zealand, then received the call for Missionary work in India. She applied, was accepted, and is now a very successful and promising young Ensign in the Punjab, India. To God alone be the praise and glory.

Rising to New Life after Twenty Years Backsliding

By Captain Margaret Stratton, Fernio, B.C.

JIM BURTON was born in Newfoundland, but at the age of thirteen his parents moved out west and settled in the town of S—. The whole family went to the Methodist church, but it was in a little Army Training that Jim first saw the light. There he acknowledged and confessed his sins, and received the witness of God's pardon. He joined up with the army and became a Bandman. All went well for two years. Then one day God called him to be an Officer. Jim thought the question over earnestly. There were no hindrances in the way, everything favorable, and he decided that God's way was the way. Accordingly he filled in his papers, and went to go into the Training Garrison the next day. Shortly after his decision he made the acquaintance of a girl who attended the Church of Christ. This acquaintance rapidly ripened into

Miss Baker did not care much for the Army, although she would graciously condescend to attend when any special Meetings were on. Her attitude served to put a dampener on Jim's zeal in his service. Things soon reached a climax, and Jim suddenly woke up to find that he was really a backslider in heart. He lost heart, gave up entirely, and the Corps saw him no more. Then Miss Baker decided to move away. Jim refused to accompany her, so they parted.

For the next twenty years Jim rarely entered any place of worship. In fact no one could interest him at all in spiritual things, he shut them entirely out of his life. He married a good girl, but even his marriage failed to bring him back to God. Then the World War absorbed his attention. He enlisted and served some time under the colors. After the armistice was signed he returned home, and shortly after his wife died. Things then went from bad to worse. Jim started to drink to drown his sorrow, and nearly broke his mother's heart.

New Officers came to town. (Jim was always pointed out to the Corps Officers as one of their "has-beens.") They got interested in him, visited his home, talked to him and gradually got him started to attend the Meetings again. Then the Officers forewielded. In their last Meeting Jim was mightily under conviction, but would not surrender. All week the Spirit strove with him, until at last, unable to get away from the thoughts that troubled him, he went and got drunk. Friday noon found him waking from a drunken stupor in a room in a hotel. How he got there he doesn't know until this day. He crawled home, disgusted with himself and the world in general.

On Sunday the new Officers were welcomed, and at night he attended the Meeting with his mother. The Officers had been praying all weekend that God would set a seal upon their labors in that town by giving them at least one soul on the Sunday night. The Meeting was good, the Spirit of God was present and many felt under conviction. In the Prayer-Meeting the Lieutenant dealt with Jim about his soul. He was so hopeless and despairing that he did not feel it was possible for him to start all over again. But the faith and prayers of God's people helped, and after a struggle Jim came out and sought and found the Saviour. His restoration was real, there was no doubt about that, and daily his life proved the reality of it. He took his stand immediately in the Open-Airs and indoor Meetings, and now is one of the most faithful of all the Soldiers at S—. The wasted twenty years of his life are his highest regret. His story may be a warning to others whom God has called. Remember, "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

Out of the Mists of Infidelity

By Major John Merrett,
Training Garrison Staff

WHEN stationed in the City of St. C—, in Ontario, in the early days of my Officership, among the most regular attendants at my Meetings was an elderly gentleman. Upon enquiry I learned that he was the father of three young ladies who also attended the Meetings quite frequently, although they were members of the Methodist Church. The father was a pronounced infidel—in fact, had gained quite a local reputation as a lecturer on "Infidelity." He made a boast that he had confounded every Christian minister he had ever met, by questions that they had been unable to answer satisfactorily.

I was warned that he would be sure to tackle me and I was clearly prompted to pursue a certain course in dealing with him when the test came. I was walking down the aisle during the Prayer-Meeting one Sunday evening when this man beckoned to me, saying he had been waiting for an opportunity to make some enquiries about certain things pertaining to the Bible, and this religion, about which I talked so much. After listening to his enquiries, which were typical of his school of thought, I freely acknowledged my in-

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LT.-COL. GOODWIN

MRS. BRIG. CARTER

BRIGADIER PARK



ADJUTANT DAVIES

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that they had been unable to answer satisfactorily.

I was warned that he would be sure to tackle me
and I was clearly prompted to pursue a certain course
in dealing with him when the test came. I was walk-
ing down the aisle during the Prayer-Meeting one
Sunday evening when this man beckoned to me, say-
ing he had been waiting for an opportunity to make
some enquiries about certain things pertaining to the
Bible, and this religion, about which I talked so much.
After listening to his enquiries, which were typical of
his school of thought, I freely acknowledged my in-

ability to give answers that would satisfy his sceptical
mind. Instead of making any attempt to do so I
gave him my personal experience, telling him of the
great change that God had wrought in my life and
character, through my acceptance of Jesus Christ as
my personal Saviour and Master. He ridiculed the
idea that God had anything to do with it, and I chal-
lenged him to explain by what power the change had
been made, apart from God. I determined to hold
him firmly to this point, promising to try and answer
his questions whenever he could give me a satisfactory
explanation.

He made frequent attempts to get into arguments
with me, but I always asked him for his answer to my
question: "Who did it, if God did not?" And that
held him at bay effectually.

Having in due time forewarned and been appointed
to another Corps in the same Division, I received
instructions to attend a United Jubilee at my old
Command, remaining for the weekend Meetings.
On the Saturday evening, following a rousing, old-
time "Free and Easy" an invitation was given for all
who wished to get saved to indicate their desire by
lifting their right hands. In reply three persons
responded, and among them, to the surprise of all
present, was this avowed infidel. A few minutes
later all three were kneeling at the Penitent-Form
surrounded by a band of praying Soldiers.

The other two seekers came through without diffi-
culty, but I have never witnessed a more severe struggle
against unbelief and doubt, than that through
this poor fellow passed. It was a few minutes after
nine o'clock when he knelt at the Penitent-Form, and
the clock had struck eleven before he sprang suddenly
to his feet, shouting, "Hallelujah! Captain I have got
it! I have got it!" His remaining years proved the
truth of this. He was present at knee-drill on Sunday
morning, as well as at three Open-Air Meetings, and
as many inside Meetings.

He immediately joined up as a Soldier of the Corps,
and for three years gave splendid service. Ill-health
then caused him to be laid aside and for several months
he endured intense suffering, and also had to face great
domestic troubles. But he endured as "seeing Him
Who is invisible," and at last laid down his cross to
receive the crown of life. His physician, a non-pro-
fessor, said he had never witnessed such a wonderful
proof of living religion, nor a more glorious death-bed
scene. His last message to me was, "Tell my Captain
to be sure to be faithful, for I will be waiting at the
gate to welcome him." I'll be there, by God's grace.

The Transformation of Drunken Patsy

By Adjutant Emma Davies,
Training Garrison Staff

IN THE olden days he was quite a hero amongst the
flatmen and jetmen of humanity of the East-end of
London. Did the little band of red-guernseyed or
(Continued on page 16)

The Transformation of Drunken Patsy (Continued from page 15)

poke-bonneted Salvationists briefly march along the Nile or Shepherdess Walk of a Sunday morning, then Patsy, one of the prominent leaders of the Skeleton Army, would be sure to be on the alert with his gang, ready to pelt the little band with rotten eggs, cabbages, or other refuse left from the stall-holders of the previous night, or with sticks dash into the ranks and cruelly strike those who wanted nothing for themselves but only the Salvation of their persecutors.

But the old Grecian Corps thrived and flourished under the opposition, whilst their enemies lost even the partisanship of their special coterie of friends because of their evil ways. Patsy became a poor, weak, besotted drunkard.

When we were sent to take charge of the Corps, Patsy could be seen at almost every Open-Air, never really sober, and sometimes too helpless to stand. As the Band would strike up, and we would march to the Hall, Patsy, with something still left of his military bearing, would march along at our side, but to all pleadings and entreaties he would laugh somewhat apologetically, and say, "It's no good Cap'n—old Patsy's too bad to start a new life."

One day he stopped me in the street, "Cap'n, I've an old mother, she still thinks the world of me, tho' I'm such a bad 'un. She's blind, Cap'n." "Where does she live Patsy?" And when he told me I set off to see the little old woman who, in her blindness, still loved and prayed for her boy. This moved Patsy more than anything else—in every public house Patsy would tell the men that the Army Captain visited his little old blind mother regularly, and almost every Saturday night he would lurk out of some public house, a newspaper parcel in his hand, containing sometimes a bunch of wall-flowers, or pansies, or asters, to come into the ring, and with a poor attempt at a military click of the heel, and a salute, he would present his thank-offering, as he seemed to regard it.

Farwell orders came for the Training Garrison, and Patsy came to the Farewell Meeting, but drunk as usual. He kept repeating, "She visited my poor old mother," but that was all—he remained still unsaved. I was sent to the Corps later as a Brigade Officer with the Cadets, and frequently we mentioned Patsy in our prayers.

One day came a visitor to see me at the Congress Hall. It was Patsy—but changed—a sober Patsy. A few days previously, not knowing where he was going, he stumbled into the little Hall at Shoreditch, and it's true, true, true—Patsy was converted and left the drink forever. He came along to tell me. We gripped hands, we laughed, we cried, we thanked God—Patsy was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

One more scene—it took place in the Congress Hall, the night before I sailed for Canada. Several of the Soldiers of the Grecian Corps had come over to the Central Holiness Meeting, and were sitting together. At the close I went down to shake hands with them all, but as I came to Patsy he sprang to his feet with a smart military click—he saluted with the air of a soldier—he pulled himself out to the full, showing off his crimson jersey, and with a chuckle he exclaimed, "Cap'n, I'm drummer," and then, dropping his voice to a whisper, and gripping my hand he said, "Cap'n, yer off to Canada, but as long as old Patsy is alive, somebody's praying for ye in the Old Land."

That night as I climbed the red 'bus amidst the roar of London's traffic, thinking of the morrow, and the swish of the ocean waves, wondering what the future held for me, I caught a glimpse of Patsy standing under a street lamp, he was at the scene, and was shouting, "Gawd bless yer, Cap'n."

From Drunken Wastrel to Color Sergeant

By Adjutant Wm. Kerr, Divisional Assistant, Wrangell, Alaska.

THE most outstanding case of conversion in my experience is that of Brother Berg. He was a Norwegian by nationality and a carpenter by trade. For thirty years he lived a terrible life in British Columbia, drink swallowing all his earnings.

In the year 1907, he moved from the Kootenay district and located in Prince Rupert. The Grand Trunk Railway Co. had just completed or was just finishing the western line between Edmonton and Prince Rupert. In these construction days Prince Rupert was becoming quite a town, and with real (and unreal) estate going up with leaps and bounds it made this western terminus quite a busy headquarters for all kinds of humanity. Although Prince Rupert was not any worse than other towns for its booze, yet it had its share. Wages were good and work was plentiful in those early days and Berg being a good carpenter, commanded the highest wages, yet the big portion went for drink.

In the year 1910 the Salvation Army opened first in this northern terminus, Commandant and Mrs. George S. Johnstone with Miss Wright (now Mrs. Staff-Captain Spooner) and myself, were stationed there. For weeks our Meetings were held in the Empress theatre and our audience consisted of between two and three hundred, and could readily be called Men's Meetings, as Prince Rupert was a man's town in those early days.

True Stories of Spiritual Resurrections

(Continued from page 15)

Weeks passed, our Open-Air and indoor Meetings were well attended, finances were good, every one supporting our work the best I have ever experienced in my Army history. Real conversions were scarce, however, and when we did get a few converts they moved to other parts of the province.

One night as we were holding our Open-Air Meeting Berg heard us. He had been on the drunk for six or eight weeks and had been to the chief of police to be interdicted from obtaining any more liquor. The chief would not listen to his request however and said it would not help him any.

While he was in conversation with the chief of police he heard the Army Drum, and turning to the chief said, "I'll go and see if the Army will turn me down." He came to where the Open-Air Meeting had been held, but found we had gone. Coming to the Army Hall he found that there was no indoor Meeting as this particular night we only held an Open-Air. But Berg was in earnest and was after something, and the Army was to be tested for its reality, and Heaven and Hell was to gain or lose another soul.

Turning from the Army Hall this precious soul came to the Quarters, which was at the back of the Hall and knocked at the door. Mrs. Johnstone answered the knock and asked the stranger what he wanted. "I want you people to help me," he said.

"What kind of help do you want?" asked Mrs. Johnstone.



CAPTAIN CORMACK



CAPTAIN REA

"Well I want to be a better man," said Berg.

He was invited in and was dealt with earnestly, seriously, and faithfully, and after a great struggle with much prayer, Berg's chains fell off his soul was free. He rose and went forth to follow the Christ who breaks the power of cancelled sin, and who had set another prisoner free.

From that night Berg was delivered from the power of drink and tobacco, and many other bad habits. He paid his debts, cleaned up everything, became a good Salvationist and was our first Color Sergeant. He attended every Meeting, and conducted many Meetings of his own wherever and whenever it was at all possible.

For twelve years he labored and toiled at his own work giving all his spare time and money to help on the war. He made two trips to the State of Maine to see his sister whom he had not seen for thirty years. He bought property in Prince Rupert, took up a homestead on the Queen Charlotte Islands and while on these islands held Meetings at the lumber camps. No one will ever know the good accomplished by this earnest soul.

It was while he was cleaning his land and blowing out the tree stumps with powder that he was caught by one blast which did not go off till he came near to examine the trouble. He was badly burned and was taken to the Prince Rupert Hospital but passed away a few days later.

The people of Prince Rupert and district used to say that if the Army had done nothing else, the saving of Berg was worth our coming.

Arising from Depths of Vice

By Captain Cormack, Norwood

"There is power, power,
Wonder-working power,
In the Blood of the Lamb."

THUS sang the Comrades who formed the small Open-Air ring on a street corner of a small western town one blustery Sunday night. The streets were almost deserted, and between the gusts of wind one could hear the roar of the waves beating

on the beach just a block away. As one after another, the Comrades stepped into the ring to tell of the power of the Blood, little did they think that the heavenly gates were even then driving a storm-tossed soul to the shelter of the Cross.

She was of the class called "Unfortunate." She was unfortunate in that when, but a mere girl, she fell a victim to the designs of a despicable scoundrel, unfortunate in that she lived amongst people who withheld a helping hand, but rather drew their skirts aside as she passed, and by their contempt and lack of common charity, forced her deeper into despair. But she had a praying mother.

The Open-Air Meeting finished, away marched the little band to the Hall, their voices sounding out the merits of the Blood that could make the vilest clean. Into the Hall, just as the Meeting commenced, came this unfortunate young woman and as the Meeting progressed stronger and stronger blew the gates which were driving her to shelter; the irresistible attraction of the Cross!

The Prayer-Meeting came, and a young sister Comrade went to the young woman, slipped her arm around her shoulders, told her of the tender, loving compassion of the Christ and the miracle-working Blood. In a moment she was at the Penitent-Forn and around her gathered the Soldiers. One after another they cried to God to break through the cloud of doubt and despair and reveal Himself to the penitent soul, the most fervent petitions being those of the girl's father and mother kneeling with their daughter.

What a fight it was. For an hour and a half we battled on in faith. It was late but none thought of going home. We had all prayed over and over again, now often none of us could say. A hush fell on the Meeting, broken only by the sobs of the penitent, her mother and one or two sister Comrades; then by one consent we sang:

"I do believe, I will believe,

That Jesus died for me,

That on the Cross He shed His blood,

And NOW He sets me free."

We had sung it over a few times when suddenly the young woman leaped to her feet, her face transformed and shining with a light which swept away all traces of vice, and removed the marks of sin which had been graven thereon. "O Captain! I do believe, I DO believe," she cried, and when we saw the transformation which had taken place not one of us could have the least doubt.

In the general rejoicing that followed, the Meeting was never closed for we suddenly missed the convert. No one had seen her slip out, but we felt that she must have gone to tell of her joy to her brothers who worked near by.

Feeling rather tired after the day's fighting I hurried to the Quarters where Mrs. Cormack lay sick in bed to tell her what had happened, but she already knew. On her knees by the bedside was our convert of the evening. She had burst in upon Mrs. Cormack but a few moments before, running all the way from the Hall to tell her of the change wrought within her. "I felt I must come and tell you," she said, "and get your blessing."

A short time afterwards we left that town but in a "War Cry" I received some twelve months later there was a picture of a group of Young People who had gathered from this town to a Young People's Council, and in the centre of the group was "our convert"—in uniform. Hallelujah!

Led Her Brothers and Sisters to Jesus

By Captain Rea, Ketchikan, Alaska

FOR several Sunday nights a young woman of about nineteen years of age came late into the little Army Hall in a certain prairie town. Right throughout the Meeting she listened very attentively, but always left the Hall as soon as the speaker was through. The Officers felt very interested in this girl and made a number of enquiries about her, but no one knew who she was, or where she lived.

One day an anonymous letter came to the Quarters requesting that the Officers pray for this girl. She had written to her friends telling them that she had been attending the Army but was through because the Meetings "got her."

For many weeks the Officers and Comrades prayed for this girl but she did not come to the Hall. One Sunday night in the fall of the year four school girls came into the service, and after a little while, in came the girl for whom the Comrades had prayed. When the invitation was given two of the school girls came to the Mercy Seat, but the girl for whom so much prayer had been offered left the building. After the Meeting it was found that one of the seekers was the sister of the girl for whom we were specially praying.

Next day the Officers visited the convert, and had the joy of meeting her sister, and in conversation it was found that her life was miserable through conviction. The following Sunday she came to the Meetings and sought Christ, and that night went home, gathered around her her five brothers and sisters and pointed each one to Jesus. Today they are fighters in the Army and the one whom the Meetings "got" has finished her course at college, and now is preparing to enter the Training Garrison next Session.

The Singing Frenchman

By ADJUTANT W. PUTT



He learned to sing the songs of Salvation in his native land many years ago, but when he came to Canada the song had died in his heart. Read the story of his wonderful restoration.

into his heart to see more of the wide world. He would follow the sun Westward.

In a Saskatchewan prairie town, a group of Salvationists are faithfully proclaiming the Gospel message, their audience a typically Western one, consisting mainly of homesteaders and farmers who have driven into town for the Saturday's shopping.

A tall, well-built man wearing a pointed beard, listens intently to the Meeting, and to his eyes there comes a reminiscent look. The stranger is none other than Louis, and his thoughts are far away in the dear homeland, where as a uniformed Salvationist he so bravely held the day for his Lord and Master.

How comes it that Louis looks on at the Army Open-Air Meeting, and does not take part as formerly? Ah, that is a story for the telling of which we must hark back fifteen years to when Louis emigrated to Canada.

A stranger in a strange land, not able to converse in English, Louis grew shy of the people in the land of his adoption. Not being able to make himself known to Salvationists by speech, and having taken up the lonely task of homesteading, he became lax in his devotions. Thus it came to pass ere long his neglect separated him from his God. The hours of sweet communion were no longer his, and he allowed pleasures of other kinds less satisfying to fill his spare time.

Sad to relate he fell into drinking habits until his appetite had the mastery over him, and break away he could not. For a long period of time, he says, he drank a bottle of wine and much beer and spirits daily, until no one would have recognized the same Louis as marched proudly behind the Blood and Fire



Brother and Sister Bourquin

Banner in the old-fashioned town of Eudincourt. It was the same old story of the house having been once cleansed let in seven devils, making it worse than at the beginning.

Somewhere, in one of his trunks, Louis had a dog-eared copy of the "Chants de l'Armée du Salut," (Salvation Army Songs, and a cherished possession of his today.) Once in a while he would bring this out and possessing a good voice, would sing from it. But it may be said Louis could not sing from the heart as formerly. He also received periodically a copy of the "En Avant" from an old Comrade in the homeland.

Now three things providentially transpired to bring about the reclamation of Louis. The first was the testimony of the Officer given at the Open-Air Meeting on the occasion referred to above, in which the speaker told the crowd how God had delivered him from being a slave to nicotine. The second was a package of familiar (to him) "En Avants," sent by a friend, and the third occurrence, and that which drove the sword of conviction right up to the hilt in his already disturbed bosom, was a letter which bore the post mark of a French town. It contained the news of the Promotion to Glory of a dear Salvationist friend who had been of much blessing to him in the Old Land.

Thus we are able to record the fact that he attended the Army Meeting, was happily restored to God's favor, and received grace to conquer his besetting habits. Moreover, his wife Julia, followed his example, their son and his wife, and also his mother, eighty-three years of age. Great was the Captain's joy when he had the privilege of enrolling five new Soldiers comprising three generations of one family. It was a night of jubilee.

It only remains for us to say that Louis Bourquin is a faithful Soldier of the Estevan Corps, and delights especially to give his testimony in song, so much so that he is now known as "The Singing Frenchman." Our Comrade is a prosperous coal merchant in connection with a large mine several miles out of town. There were not wanting those who told him he would lose business by becoming a Salvationist. Today, however, he rejoices in prosperity, his business having doubled, and he now employs more than twenty-five men, and in this he readily acknowledges the hand of God.

The facts of the story were gathered from Brother Bourquin during a visit paid by him to Winnipeg, and during which he had the joy of meeting his old Corps Officers again. By a happy coincidence he also came in contact with a fellow countryman, Brother Jeanfevre, a Soldier of the Winnipeg Citadel Corps, who proved to have been stationed as Lieutenant at Brother Bourquin's old Corps in Eudincourt. What a time they had together, relating reminiscences, to be sure!

NOT FAR from the border-line which separates France from Switzerland, is the thriving manufacturing town of Eudincourt, from which, on a very clear day, may be seen the outline of the mighty Alps. Here Louis Bourquin was born.

Louis' parents were very strict members of the Protestant Church, and attended regularly a place of worship every Sunday. Their son, bright, intelligent lad that he was, grew up to love the services and took a keen interest in the religious exercises.

One eventful day the Armée du Salut, as the Salvation Army is called in France, opened fire on the town, the pioneer Officers, with their strange garb and flashing eyes and earnest demeanor, causing the staid townsfolk to lift their eyebrows in startled surprise. This invariably ended in a shrug of the shoulders, and an expressive gesture of the hands. Who were these mad folk, and what need had they to disturb the quiet calm of daily life in Eudincourt? Who indeed!

Louis was deeply interested in the new-comers. He rather liked their sincere, earnest ways, and could feel, intuitively, that their religion was genuine enough if demonstrated in a vastly different manner from the stately and formal church services he had been in the habit of attending. He would see more of these people, he told himself with an approving nod of the head.

And so it came to pass, in the midst of the turmoil and stormy interruptions which nightly proved part of the Meetings, we find the lad, then sixteen years of age, kneeling at the Mercy-Seat, with other penitents, crying to God for an experience, which, up till now he had professed, but never possessed.

This is the song which he remembers was sung that night:

"J'ai un Sauveur puissant pour me garder,
Pour me garder, Pour me garder,
J'ai un Sauveur puissant pour me garder,
Pour me garder a jamais."

Ah yes, it was true, Jesus was "Strong to deliver, mighty to save, and to keep."

Those were the days in which to wear the uniform meant "carrying the Cross" in stern reality. "Ho!" cried a passer-by to Louis, as he was speaking in the Open-Air one day, "that is the Mark of the Devil—the Beast." Read about it for yourself in the Bible." And he pointed derisively at the uniform Louis wore. It surely required a stout heart for Louis to bear up under such disturbing circumstances, but God helping him, he determined to bravely fight his way through.

The Meetings in the make-shift Hall—special permission from the Prefect of Police had to be obtained to stand on the streets—were the rendezvous of the "garmin", lowest of the low, in town. Crash! The glass in the window casements would go, as sticks and stones were hurled with savage fury against them. The Comrades were not free from the violence of the mob, and often received kicks and bruises—sometimes worse!

In spite of it all the Armée du Salut went forward and Louis became a fully-fledged Soldier. He met with decided opposition on the part of his parents, however, from time to time, and he was hindered from entering the Training Garrison—the desire of his heart—because he could not get their consent, a necessary part of the proceedings then in France. His parents also had the lad hailed before the town Magistrate to back up their stand in the matter.

Time rolled on, and Louis remained at his trade as a metal worker, rising eventually to the post of foreman, but his ambition had been thwarted, his heart was sore. Then he heard about Canada, and its rolling prairies, and a desire came



"Ho!" cried a passer-by "that is the mark of the Devil—the Beast," and he pointed to the uniform.

Big Boy's Last Deck

(Continued from page 5)

He found that nobody would believe in the reality of his conversion but the Salvationists, and the only place he got any encouragement at all was at the Meetings in the Army Hall. Oh how he loved those Meetings now! What a delight it was to him to testify and to pray, yes and even to take part in the Open-Air Meetings, though it meant enduring the jeers and sarcasm of his old companions.

Their enemy and spite took an active turn when one day his room was raided by the police. Someone had evidently "squealed" on him, thinking that he still had dope in his possession and that its discovery would land him in prison.

The policemen turned out his drawers, examined his mattress and bed clothing, peered into every nook and cranny in the room, but failed to discover any sign of dope.

"Now Big Boy," said the Chief, "where have you got it hid? Come across now."

"Chief, I've done wid dat stuff for evah," replied the negro, "you won't find none heah now or no time."

"Oh, you won't stick to this religious life long," said the Chief. "I don't see how a man so far gone on dope as you were can do so."

But to the amazement of the Chief and of all the people in Drunheller, Big Boy has stuck to his religion. For the past six years he has been the drummer in the local Corps and has become a familiar figure on the streets in his red jersey and Army cap, a living witness to the fact that God can save even a dope peddler and addict.

Sixty-one years of age now, Big Boy earns a very precarious living by collecting junk and doing odd jobs, but he is content and has no regrets that he gave up his unholy gains for spiritual life.

"God has done so much for me in taking away dat awful craving dat I don't expect nothing moreah," he says. "I don't care if I nevah gits anything else again in dis life, I'm going on to git a crown ob glory ova dere and heah my blessed Lawd say, 'Well done Big Boy.'"

At the time of his conversion he could not read, so Sister Mrs. Mossom, the Home League Secretary, undertook to teach him. He can now read the Word of God and there is nothing in the world he loves better than to pore over the sacred volume and spell out the words. This has helped him to grow in grace and knowledge more than anything else.

When the Corps Officer came to see him about becoming enrolled as a Soldier he brought the Articles of War for him to read. Big Boy read them over and then said:

"Why, all dis on heah was my desire befoah you showed me. I don't see a ting on dat papah dat I don't want to do." So he signed the Articles and was duly enrolled.

"Big Boy," whose right name is Davis, got his nickname in the prize ring. He ran away from his home in Alabama when just a lad and went to his uncle, a saloon keeper in Memphis, Tennessee. This relative employed him to serve drinks and seeing that he was a husky young fellow, had him trained to fight. He thus gained some little notoriety in sporting circles of those days. Since then he has been steamboating, railroad, restaurant keeping, bootlegging and dope peddling, living a terrible life in the underworlds of the large cities on this continent.

For two years and eight months he was a member of the Chicago Police Force, just after the great fire, but he got so much under the influence of opium that he had to resign. Lower and lower he sank until he became, as a writer on the drug traffic says, "one of the army of men and women who batten and fatten on the agony of the unfortunate drug-addict—palmerworms and human caterpillars who should be trodden underfoot like the despicable grubs that they are."

The wonderful conversion of Big Boy however, proves that even such a "despicable grub" is capable of being transformed into a decent citizen again; that no matter how low down a human being may sink, the grace of God can lift him up. Salvation Army annals are full of such wonderful transformations—we do not despair of even the very worst, for we sing it over and over, and believe it—"His blood can make the vilest clean." Hallelujah!

A Great Work for Humanity

The Salvation Army Throughout the World is Working in 82 Countries and Colonies

Corps and Outposts.....	14,719
Social Institutions and Agencies.....	1,512
Day Schools.....	1,028
Naval and Military Homes and Hostels.....	27
Officers and others wholly employed in its service.....	31,154
Local Officers (Senior and Young Peoples).....	97,598
Bandmen (Senior and Young Peoples).....	43,471
Songsters.....	54,323
Corps Cadets.....	30,356
Number of Periodicals Published.....	108
Total Copies per issue.....	1,881,327

The Totem of the Cross

By Captain Kenny,
Petersburg, Alaska

*The work in the Canneries was over,
Where the waves lap our northern shore;
And the natives from many a village
Were returning home once more.*

*With women, paposes, provisions,
The varied craft set forth;
Each skillfully manned by some dusky
Denizen of the north.*

*But ere they were far on their journey
The wind arose in full force,
And many a hapless vessel
Was driven from its course.*

*With provision stores depleted,
Their journey long delayed,
In search of food and shelter,
One storm-tossed gas-bag strayed.*

*Tossed by the bitter, driving winds,
Drenched by the spray and foam
Into the welcome refuge
Of a harbor far from home.*

*They were met with dubious glances,
No one opened to them his door;
None offered to feed the strangers
From his own more abundant store.*

*In the outskirts of that village
In a cabin, small and bare
Lived a poor old, lonely native
With little indeed to spare.*

*He never had seen the strangers,
But their speech and token were one,
And he hastened at once to greet them,
And welcome them as his own.*

*So the little cabin was opened,
His all before them he spread,
Gladly he granted them shelter,
Gladly the hungry he fed.*

*Have not every people and nation
Some sign, some emblem, some crest
Or token, by which we may know them
And distinguish them from the rest?*

*So we, in the Kingdom of Jesus
Have a totem old totems above;
And brought into blessed union
'Neath the emblem of Christian love.*

*Not alone for those of one doctrine,
One creed, or tribe, or nation,
Calvary's Cross is for every one,
The best totem of Salvation!*

Ye shall indeed drink of my cup

(Continued from page 6)

wilder sea. His friends sometimes paid a heavy price for their loyalty to him. Guion of Niamas, an aged man whose hospitality Brousson had once received, was discovered with a letter from the pastor, and the punishment was execution, though the age of the culprit was seventy years.

The hardships of that ministry would alone fill our pages. Through all the privations of a bitter winter, Brousson wandered, tending his Master's sheep, often near starvation, and his nightly restings-place any little nook or corner he could find—sometimes coming upon a little cave well adapted to be his shelter from the snow, but he had to drive away its unwelcome wolf-occupant before he could enter! He

counted all personal discomfort as nothing while he could exhort and inspire the persecuted Huguenots to steadfastness and faith.

When at length his lungs and voice were so exhausted that he could no longer preach, Brousson left France for a time. He was received in Switzerland as one restored from the dead. A good charge was given him, as soon as he was strong enough, in the pastorate of the Walloon Church at the Hague, in Holland; but Brousson was ill at ease away from his work in the Cevennes. Taking a guide to direct his feet through the mountains, he set forth again, crossing France on his way. In one of the many hairbreadth escapes, his faithful guide, Bruman, was apprehended, being mistaken for the pastor. The dragons had searched the wayside cottage in which Brousson was concealed behind a door. They were retreating disappointed, but a little girl in the house (innocent of the purport of her words) saw the pastor's feet below the little door, and called one of the dragons back, saying:

"Here, sir, here!"

The soldier, however, could not make out what the childish prattle meant, and Brousson escaped as by a miracle, and returned to his Huguenot charge as an angel from Heaven.

Set forth once more

Disguised as a woodcutter, Brousson again visited Holland, where he made renewed efforts to gain some kind of protection for his brethren. But his work was of no avail; Louis XIV's heart was as stone toward his Huguenot subjects; and finding that he could obtain no redress, he set forth once more upon his perilous and last journey through France. His wife urged him not again to risk his life. On the eve of his setting out, news of more martyrdoms poured in. But the very tidings which struck such terror into Madame Brousson's heart, but stirred her husband to proceed.

Writing to her from some remote retreat where he was snowed-up in the mountains, he said:

"I walk under the conduct of my God, and I repeat that I would not for millions of money that the Lord should refuse me the grace which renders it imperative for me to labor as I do now in His work."

The snow melting, he was off again. In the dead of night, with only a few lanterns hung on trees, or in the gloomy interior of some cavern on the mountain side, from their hiding places came the fugitives of faith. Round the open Bible they gathered, while their pastor, worn and aged now by his years of hard ships and privations, proclaimed to them the Word of Life. Meanwhile, the heat of the chase after Brousson had in no way abated. Every week some fresh capture was made by the dragons, and the pastor felt his own time could not be far distant. At Oberon he fell into the hands of a spy. This shameless man came into the presence of the intendant demanding his reward so boldly that even Bavaile exclaimed:

"Wretch! Dost thou not blush to look upon the man in whose blood thou makest traffic?"

It had not been difficult to secure Brousson. He felt his hour was come, and when apprehended immediately answered to his name. Conveyed from one prison to another, he obtained permission from the intendant to travel unfettered, on condition that he would make no attempt at escape. During the voyage along a canal by night, all his guards fell asleep. Brousson had only to step on shore to regain his liberty, so necessary to his poor forsaken people. But he had promised not to escape, and could not break his word. And, as the day dawned, the guards awoke, and the pastor was carried onward to his death—so long anticipated and at last so near.

A Judge's fear

Bavaile had said some time before, knowing the spotless character and life of the brave Huguenot pastor:

"I would not for the world have to judge that man!"

Yet it fell to his lot, and the verdict was a death-sentence, brought in upon a false charge of unfaithfulness to the king. To the rack, the gallows, the wheel, we need not follow him. There are no farewell words to record, for the roll of military drums drowned his voice. After all, that last scene in the public promenade at Peyrou was not the hardest, though it was the last and steepest rung in the ladder of sacrifice which Brousson climbed.

"The fellowship of his sufferings" had been as the honey in every bitter trial which his lonely life of practical service to his Lord had brought. There was no compulsion in the labors of this lawyer, pastor, and martyr. No ecclesiastical canon had commanded his faithfulness to the detailed letter of his belief; still less his descent from an honorable position at the Bar to tread that path which culminated in an ignominious death. His way was self-chosen, but from a selfless motive. Like his Lord, he laid down his life of himself.

Of the good he actually accomplished, of the souls who, despairing and well-nigh yielding, were strengthened and inspired by his rallying voice, no record remains to speak. In common with every soul who bravely takes and drains the offered cup of self-denial, he had his reward in the conscious sanction of that Master Whose highest privilege to His servants is the communion of the Cross.



He had only to stop on shore to regain his liberty

HERE was on the Africa. It rise had ac wind that blew tr still chill with th white town with b scarcely awake, b to the quay were The ship that sail hanging loose at the mooring ro dock was busy v actively stowing of ivory from b spreading garden strange places. I all that was being with a curling bl purple for which golden girle. "If the Lord winds I shall be salen as I have year. Rufus, my and you shall go

The speaker heard, a man so ders above the c of peacock blue upon his head v at his side prom mass of gold cur he wore, and loe that no longer ex

"And may I f let go his mothe "will you take m Simon, the n and lifted the li these also, Alexan thy mother, and little lad, when seeing the tears sec, when I com thee." He kisse ground at his m "See, father, tain is beckonin casting off the ro He embraced dreams of the his wife whose l shoulders. "Ruth, my b "the Lord God whilst we are unto thee."

He stepped her out from th in greeting and sail was bellyin; great man upon the shining blue Many weeks of Cyrene had s had been driven days Simon had able to ent the had favored th harbor at Jopp salem.

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SIMON: The Silk Merchant of Cyrene

A striking word-picture of one who, in an unusual way, shared in the
Saviour's humiliation and suffering. (See Supplement)

THERE was an unusual bustle and excitement
on the quay at the port of Cyrene, in North
Africa. It was quite early in the day, and the sun-
shine had scarcely faded out of the sky and the
wind that blew in from the blue Mediterranean was
still chill with the coolness of the night. The little
white town with its square, flat-roofed houses seemed
scarcely awake, but the narrow streets that led down
to the quay were busy with hurrying people.

The ship that lay alongside, with its great brown
sail hanging loosely on its single mast, was straining
at the mooring ropes, as if eager to be away, and the
deck was busy with dark-skinned sailors who were
actively stowing away the last packages of the cargo
of ivory from beyond the desert, spices from far-
spreading gardens, and wonderful robes made in
strange places. High in the bow where he could see
all that was being done, stood the captain, a tall man
with a curling black beard, his robes of the reddish
purple for which Tyre was famous, girded with a
golden girdle.

"If the Lord is gracious and sends us favoring
winds I shall be able to keep the Passover in Jeru-
salem as I have done these many years, and next
year, Rufus, my son, you will be twelve years of age
and you shall go with me."

Father and Son

The speaker was a tall man with a close-cut fair
beard, a man so tall that he towered head and shoul-
ders above the crowd of people near him. His robes
of peacock blue reached to the ground and the hood
upon his head was bordered with gold. The boy at
his side promised to be his father over again. A
mass of gold curls escaped from the red, fox-like cap
he wore, and long bare legs showed beneath the tunic
that no longer came near reaching his knees.

"And may I go also?" called another little lad, who
let go his mother's hand to pull his father's sleeve,
"will you take me to Zion also, my father?"

Simon, the merchant, bent from his great height
and lifted the little lad in his arms. "If I should take
these also, Alexander, my prince, who would watch over
my mother, and guard my house for me? Some day,
little lad, when thou art tall as Rufus yonder," then,
seeing the tears shining in the little lad's eyes, "but,
see, when I come home again, see what I will bring
thee." He kissed the little lad and set him on the
ground at his mother's side.

"See, father," cried Rufus, the elder lad, "the cap-
tain is beckoning thee, and already the shipmen are
casting off the ropes. Next year I shall go with thee."

He embraced his father warmly, his heart full of
dreams of the year ahead. Then Simon turned to
his wife whose head only reached to his great square
shoulders.

"Ruth, my beloved," and his voice was very tender,
"the Lord God of Israel keep thee under His wings
whilst we are absent one from another. Peace be
unto thee."

He stepped aboard the ship as the rowers pushed
her out from the shore, turned again to raise his hand
in greeting and in a few moments the great square
sail was bellying with the wind and the ship and the
great man upon its deck was only a dark speck upon
the shining blue of the Mediterranean Sea.

Many weeks had passed. The ship on which Simon
of Cyrene had sailed had met with contrary winds and
had been driven far out of her course, so that for many
days Simon had feared that after all he would not be
able to eat the Passover in Zion. At last the winds
had favored them, and they had reached the little
harbor at Joppa, and Simon had hurried on to Jeru-
salem.

Tumult and confusion

There was a strange tumult and confusion in the
city. Wherever Simon went he heard men talking of
Jesus, the prophet from Galilee, and the wonderful
works he was doing and the strange things he said.
Simon's business took him into the houses of some of
the princes and rulers of Israel, and he was amazed
to find how bitterly they spoke about Jesus.

"Why speak so evil of this man?" Simon asked one
day at dinner. "Has he not healed the sick? Has
he not cleansed the lepers? He has raised the dead,
if all I hear is true. What evil hath he done?"

"Evil!" half a dozen of the others cried out together,
"evil! Thou art a stranger in Jerusalem. Hath he
not spoken blasphemy and declared himself the Son
of God?"

"Did he not say that God could raise up sons of
Abraham out of the stones of the earth?"

"Yes, and tell the people that we Pharisees were
whited sepulchres."

Simon stared from one to another in bewilderment.
Yet this Jesus must be a good man or there would
not be such magic in his hands. They tell me that
some have been healed who have only touched the hem
of his garments."

The tumult broke out afresh and Simon said no
more, only some one laughed and asked: "Is Simon
of Cyrene also among the prophets?"

Late on the evening of the Passover Day the rumor

spread through the crowded city that Jesus the Naz-
arene had been arrested and carried before Pilate.
Simon heard it, but paid little attention to it.
"He has done no evil," Simon said to himself.
"They cannot punish him for healing the sick and
giving sight to the blind."

Simon rose early next morning, as soon as it was
dawn and went out into the open country toward
Bethany. He felt he could not breathe in the narrow
streets of the crowded city, and all he had heard about
Jesus and this story of his arrest worried him.

He came near to the city gate and was surprised
to see a great crowd of people pouring out from the
city streets, making their way toward the place of
execution, a bald, scarp-shaped knoll they called Gol-
gotha. As Simon came nearer his surprise became
bewilderment. Men's faces were black with anger
and their eyes flashing with fury and they were shout-
ing with hoarse voices. Moreover, many of them were
clad in the purple and fine linen of the rulers, and
their robes were torn and disordered. He thought he
caught a glimpse of a crumpled, soiled head-dress
that looked like the white linen of a priest. What
could it mean? What were these people doing in
such a mob?

Jerusalem—The Hearth of God

By Mrs. Captain Alder

Jerusalem—the hearth of God! Right well
had thou been named,

For from thy streets the Prince of Peace went
forth earth to reclaim;

'Twas from thy halls He went accursed—to die
upon the tree;

But in His death He conquered hell and brought
us victory.

Jerusalem—the hearth of God! where sacred
fires have burned,

Where fell the power of Pentecost and men from
sin were turned;

'Twas from thy heart the gospel spread until the
world around

Has heard the story of the Cross—the glorious
Gospel sound.

Jerusalem—the hearth of God! Fit emblem of
the soul,

Which hath rebellion's arms laid down and
given Christ control;

For in both instances we find the Master loved
to dwell

With those who owned Him Christ and Lord
and did His power forth-tell.

Jerusalem—the hearth of God! from thee has
spread the flame

That has enlightened this dark earth (through
our Redeemer's Name!)

Thou art the old Jerusalem—the new we hope
to see

When God doth call His children home to dwell
eternally.

The crowd came nearer and the cries broke out
again:

"Away with the Nazarene! Death! Death!"

Simon stood by the side of the road. It was use-
less to attempt to pass the gate until the mob had
passed. As he saw the faces of the men and women,
and heard their shameful cries he felt as if his blood
froze in his veins. A few days before these people
had hailed the Nazarene as a King, and strewn palm-
branches before him, and now—

The mob was even denser now. It was the main
body of the procession. A body of soldiers marched
in a hollow square with their tall spears catching the
sunlight. A soldier marched in the forefront carry-
ing a parchment on the head of a spear. Simon
pressed forward to read what was written on it:

"This is Jesus the King of the Jews"

and his face went white and he clenched his fists at
his side as he felt the insult of it.

Inside the square of soldiers a man staggered along
with a heavy beam of wood upon his shoulders. A
rough crown of thorns had been pushed upon his head,
and the white peasant's garment he wore was all
stained with blood. Just as he had passed the gate
he stumbled, the beam of wood fell from his shoul-
ders and he fell headlong to the ground.

The procession halted, but no word of pity came
from any of the people, only cries of hate and bitter-
ness.

"Dog of a Galilean! Vile Nazarene! Away with
Him!"

Simon could endure it no longer.

"Why?" he shouted in a great voice, "what evil
has he done? Has he not healed your sick ones?
Have not his works been holy? Has he not spoken
words of peace and love?"

At first the crowd were too amazed to interrupt
him. But as soon as they recovered themselves they
turned upon him with angry cries and uplifted hands,
and for a moment the outlook was serious.

"Thou also art one of them!" they cried. "Thou
dost follow the blaspheming dog of a Nazarene! Thou,
a Jew, to pity a man who has brought shame upon
our nation and blasphemed the God of our fathers!"

The tumult attracted the centurion in charge of
the Roman guard. Even he could see that Jesus could
not carry his cross any farther. He was staggering
now, as he stood upon his feet. Nor could he ask the
soldiers to do it. It was too great a shame to put
upon a Roman. Then he caught sight of this man
round whom the crowd was raging. It would be a
great thing to make this tall stranger in his purple
fur-edged robes come and carry this cross, and obvious-
ly it would please the mob.

Laid hold upon Simon

Two soldiers in brass armor pushed through the
crowd and laid hold upon Simon, the silk merchant
of Cyrene, and in a moment or two the procession
moved on again and Simon walked beside Jesus,
carrying his cross.

At first Simon bit his lips for shame, till the blood
came. He dared not resist. But that a wealthy
silk merchant should endure such shame as this. The
crowd yelled their approval.

"He followed the Nazarene; let him follow him
now."

Simon would never tell what happened during the
journey. "I was not worthy," he would say when
others urged him to tell them. Only those who were
watching saw that as Simon took up the cross Jesus
looked at him and his lips moved as if He spoke some
word of gratitude. No one heard it, but as Simon
looked at Jesus that morning the shame faded out of
his face and the merchant in his costly dress walked
beside the soldiers bearing Christ's cross, and did
not blush, only smiled a little as though he were proud.

It was the day of Pentecost. The temple was
thronged with people, and crowds were round a group
of men who were saying something about Jesus of
Nazareth.

A short, grizzled man in a rough fisherman's coat
was speaking to the largest of the crowds, but others
were also speaking in other courts. In one corner a
man stood who was so tall that he seemed to look over
other men's heads, and grouped around him were
men who looked somewhat different from the others.
They were, for the most part, better dressed than the
majority of the people, and were dark of skin as though
they lived in some land of blazing sunshine.

"Jews from the parts of Libya about Cyrene,"
some one said they were.

"I am known unto you all, brethren," the speaker
went on, "I am Simon, the silk merchant of Cyrene.
You know the shame the Roman soldiers put upon me
on the day Jesus died on Calvary, how they com-
pelled me to bear his cross. That was the greatest
honor that has ever come to me or that ever will
come. They crucified Jesus. I saw him die out yon-
der at Golgotha, but Jesus lives today. He was the
Messiah we had all been looking for, yet when he
came none of us recognized him. Yet now if you will
but repent and be baptised for the remission of your
sins God will have mercy upon you."

So Simon went on and many Jews from his own
town of Cyrene and the country round about believed
on Jesus that day because of his word.

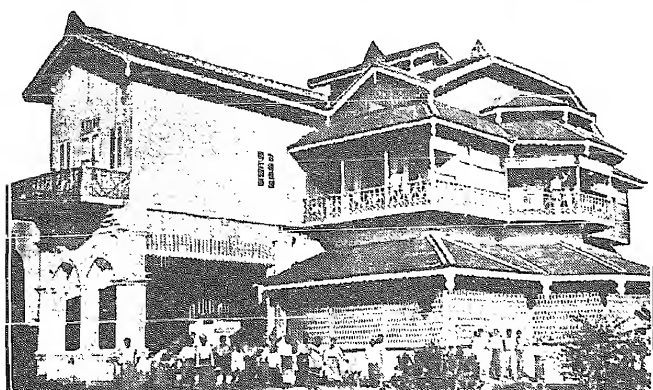
Gave themselves to Jesus

It was long before Simon had completed all of his
business and reached his home at Cyrene again. But
one evening on the flat roof of a house that looked
out over the Mediterranean, Simon, the silk merchant
of Cyrene, told Ruth his wife, and his two boys, Rufus
and Alexander, of all that happened to him in Jeru-
salem, and of Jesus the Messiah who had died for them;
and they, too, gave themselves to Jesus.

Many years afterward they left Cyrene and went
to Rome, and Rufus and Alexander got to know many
of the men who had known Jesus. Peter stayed at
their house sometimes and the boys sat with the old
man who could tell them many stories of Jesus no
one else could tell in just the same way, and John
Mark, the stump-fingered, came too. St. Paul knew
that house well, and the boys would hear him tell of
the great adventures he had had in so many places.
He loved to come there. He said in one of his letters
that Ruth was as kind as a mother to him, and Rufus
was a choice Christian.

Simon, the silk merchant of Cyrene, the man who
carried Christ's cross on the first Good Friday, is a
man we do well to remember.—W. J. May in the
"Sunday School Times."

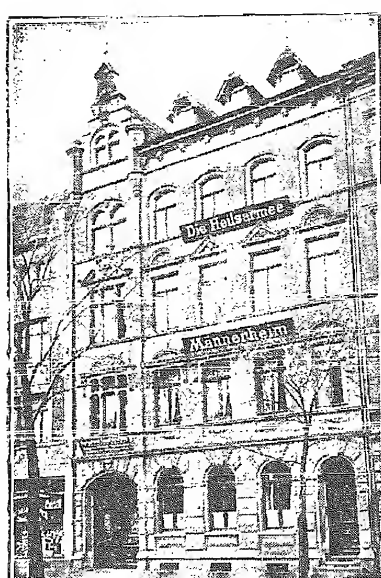
Some Army Buildings Around the World



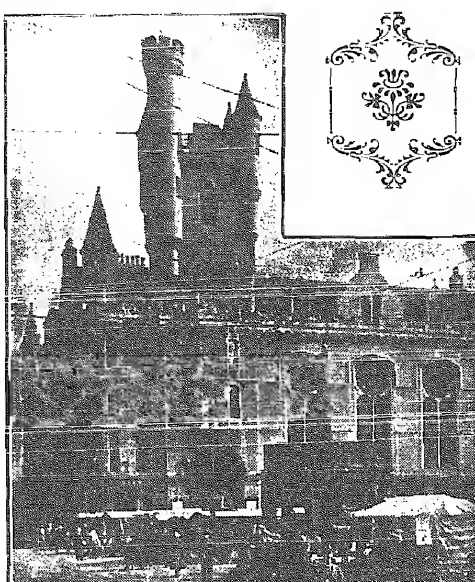
Home for Discharged Prisoners, Rangoon, Burma



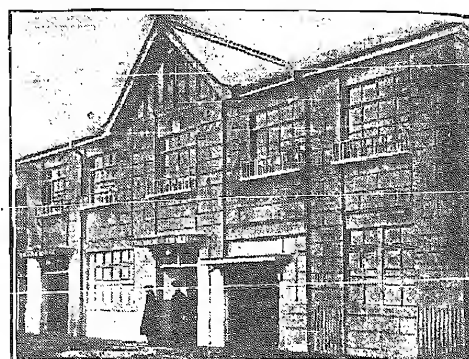
People's Palace, Cape Town, South Africa



Commodious Home for Men, Dusseldorf, Germany



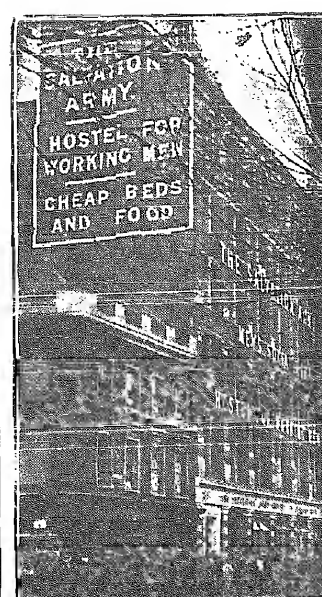
A Salvation Landmark in Scotland, Aberdeen Citadel. the Tower of which rises 200 ft.



A Japanese Institution for Men, Tokyo



Home for Military Men, Calcutta, India



Hostel for Working Men, Old St., London, England

April 16, 1927

"Jesus Christ and

By ENVOY H.

"CHRISTIANITY is no tions—a good part called Christians, finding a precarious living people of a certain island clothes."

Surely we of the Salvation Army such a reproach as any bo other hand, are we in or constant preaching of the Are we inclined to long for rather than to esteem our and teaching just Christ a

In an age when there is ter, and all too much evil living, there might be a public taste; but on the witnesses that where dep corresponding departures viction of sin. No, it wi

The Outs

Let us look again, sta is the outstanding world. We do not conjugate it. We state its fact, and rec ing power; we bathe our applied. Love should be theme. Do you know of moment take its place exhaust it? Never, so l story to read. But per reiteration? Not while discourse there is a hea love. The story of Jesu be worn out. We hav its fragrance, or the pos more faces than the m many reflections and re tell, or ears to hear it.

Temperament gover form of approach to ou not a liability at any reaches those of allied and in turn reaches m own. Seldom can one some. Herein is progr redeemed one is debar work—the weakest life life. Therefore, let the the manly tell of a ma His wisdom; the mysti the parables; the pray but let each and all be theme—Jesus.

It is Ch

It is when we get that we become powe his lessons here. At A on doctrine, and it sh he was not able to foun said: "It is Christ w divide." When Paul his Athenian experie Corinthians, he tells anything among you, s fied." So let us learn

Usually testimony within: we then unb

Let our songs also ever, truthfully accuse I am wondering just encourage a spirit of le ness we intend.

If a simple gospel more so for the young the Love appeal. A physical restlessness, there is a spark of th of the wildest boy or assimilate solid food thing more nourishi milk. Is there not story of the Saviou young?

I am sixty-seven, myself craving more will touch my heart, coursing. I know t others who long to That is the golden each, in our spheres Officers, use to the c of Jesus Christ and weary of telling it, And that something

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For God so l
His only be
believeth in fi
have everlasti

"Jesus Christ and Him Crucified"

By ENVOY HAWLEY, Calgary

CHRISTIANITY is now talking in different directions—a good part of the time against others called Christians, and not about the Lord—'finding a precarious living,' as some one said of the people of a certain island, 'by washing each others' clothes.'

Surely we of the Salvation Army are as exempt from such a reproach as any body of Christians; but, on the other hand, are we in any degree restless under the constant preaching of the one simple, central theme? Are we inclined to long for some relaxation or deviation, rather than to esteem our great privilege of preaching and teaching just Christ and Him crucified?

In an age when there is all too little depth in character, and all too much evidence of shallow thinking and living, there might be an inclination to cater to the public taste; but on the other hand you and I are witnesses that where departures are made, there are corresponding departures from power, and from conviction of sin. No, it will not do to let down here.

The Outstanding Word

Let us look again, state it in other terms. LOVE is the outstanding word in divine, as in human affairs. We do not conjugate it; we do not seek its analysis—we state its fact, and recognize its subtle, all-comforting power; we bathe our souls in its essence. Divinely applied, Love should be our peerless and sufficient theme. Do you know of any other word that will for a moment take its place? There is none. Can we exhaust it? Never, so long as we have the Saviour's story to read. But perhaps we may weaken it by art, repetition? Not while behind song, testimony or discourse there is a heart aflame with gratitude and love. The story of Jesus will never grow old; cannot be worn out. We have but touched the fringe of its fragrance, or the possibilities of its evangel. It has more facets than the most wonderful diamond, and as many reflections and reactions as there are tongues to tell, or ears to hear it.

Temperament governs every life, and dictates the form of approach to our fellows; but it is an asset, and not a liability at any time. One Officer comes and reaches those of allied temperaments; another follows, and in turn reaches minds and hearts kindred to his own. Seldom can one reach all, but each may reach some. Herein is progress for the common good. No redeemed one is debarr'd from a share in the Lord's work—the weakest life may be eloquent to some other life. Therefore, let the amative nature speak of love; the manly talk of a manly Christ, the mental dilate on His wisdom; the mystic point out the deep lessons of the parables; the prayerful, His wonderful petitions; but let each and all be true to the simple, unadulterated theme—Jesus.

It is Christ Who Unites

It is when we get away from this simple Gospel that we become powerless. Even Paul had to learn his lessons here. At Athens he was led into discussions on doctrines, and it should be illuminating to note that he was not able to found a church there. Someone has said: "It is Christ who unites—it is doctrines that divide." When Paul got to Corinth, he profited by his Athenian experience; and in his first letter to the Corinthians, he tells them: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." So let us learn of Paul.

Usually testimony is a faithful index of what is within: we then unburden ourselves to others.

Let our songs also reflect our hearts. No one could ever truthfully accuse me of being long-faced; and yet I am wondering just how often some of our songs encourage a spirit of levity, instead of the joy and happiness we intend.

If a simple gospel is desirable for the matured, it is more so for the young. Of all ages, youth should catch the Love appeal. Against exuberance of spirit and physical restlessness, it is the age of impressions; and there is a spark of the tender and the real in the heart of the wildest boy or girl. They may not be able to assimilate solid food, but they surely require something more nourishing than dishwater or skimmed milk. Is there not sufficient appeal in the simple story of the Saviour to enlist the best love of the young?

I am sixty-seven, but as the years multiply I find myself craving more and more for the message that will touch my heart, stir my emotions, start the tears coursing. I know this old world is crowded full of others who long to react likewise. Love will do it. That is the golden key to open every heart. Let us each, in our spheres of activity, as Soldiers, Locals or Officers, rise to the challenge of the pure simple Gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. When we grow weary of telling it, or turn aside, something is wrong. And that something is—ourselves.

* * LOVE DIVINE * *

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—JOHN iii: 16.

"AND TO ME ALSO"

A Recollection of the Companionship of the Way

By BRIGADIER E. JOY

I CAN never forget that wonderful day. It began so drearily and finished so wonderfully. During its hours I passed from the uttermost depths of despair to what I think must have been the highest point of bliss—it was a wonderful day.

When, in the early hours of the morning, I rose from my bed, where I had spent such a long wakeful night, my very brain seemed weighed with what I can only call a conscious-unconscious dread. The night had done little to refresh me, for all through its fitful hours I had struggled with the shame and disappointment that had overwhelmed me, until my very soul had become numb with its agony.

I dreaded more than I could say the days which lay ahead. I had had such plans for this day; it was to have been full of rejoicing; full of accomplishment—the crown of all that had gone before. And that had all turned to ashes, and the bitter of it was with me in all its force.

I was to take up the burden—the hour for it had arrived—and I must step out into life and put a brave front as I could on my calamity. I stepped out into the dawn, and shivered as its cold wrapped itself around me—it seemed all so much atune with my feelings. I hoped that none whom I knew would see me, especially those to whom I had made such boasts only a few hours since.

I began my journey. But what a journey it proved to be—and what a journey it actually was I could not but help calling to mind the glee and expectation with which I had trodden that same road only a few weeks ago. I thought of my companions of that other journey—and now only one of that company had answered my call—and he did not appeal to me as a friend for such a sorrowful journey as was mine. True, he had not built his hopes as high as I had done; he had warned me against that over-expectancy which now made my situation even harder to bear.

He was waiting for me down the road; his greeting was nearly as curt as the one I gave him; I felt in no mood for his cynical speeches; I wanted to be alone, except that to be alone would be worse misery.

We were away from the city—place of our shame—where the glory had seemed within our hands' reach only the other day. The road stretched out drearily before us, and we were mutually thankful for its desolation—at least, there were none to mock our flight. Down into the valley we went, picking our way among the stones and boulders that the recent nature disturbances had strewn around; up the steep of the opposite hill—and so on.

The dawn had lifted now; the rays of the morning sun glinted across the domes and towers of the town, and looking back I caught a glimpse of that very spot whereon my shame had culminated, and shudderingly I turned to listen on.

I had not seen him before. I did not remember seeing anybody in the way previously, but as I turned from my hasty backward glance, I found him by my side. I wish, oh, how I wish I could describe him as I saw him then.

Such a mien, such grace, such charm, and yet of his physical attraction I seem to be able to recall so little. Quite naturally he fell into step with us—or we with him, which was it?—and so easily he entered into our talk, which up to that moment had been sad, almost to the point of moroseness. He seemed to direct most of his words to me, although my companion has since argued on that point with me. Even his remark on our doleful appearances did not irk us, but had the hint of a strange warming of the heart.

The miles fell behind; the day wore on; occasionally we stayed for a while by the wayside to rest ourselves; but in the strangeness of ways the dreariness and weariness of the road seemed to lessen as we travelled on. I began to see that what had been such a shame and a burden could become, nay, had become, the actual promise of some future joy and glory.

Almost as quickly as I tell it, the day seemed gone, the twilight moments passed, and the evening stars began to appear; the birds had ceased their calling, and we welcomed the glimmering light of the Inn by the Road.

Our strange friend made as though he would have gone further, but we were slow to part with him, and we urged that he should take his evening meal with us. Even my companion, now no longer cynical and morose, joined in the invitation.

So we sat down together. I wondered at the time, I remember, whether it was my fancy that a hush had come over us—there seemed to be, so I now recall, a sense of some Presence which I had not hitherto regarded. And as I wondered, our Guest made what I took to be an involuntary gesture of thankfulness for the food before him. . . . and I saw his hands. I lifted my eyes, wondering I think, to his, and gazed on his brow—and then I knew it was the Lord.

Those marks, those wounds, those hands—it was the Lord. Oh, why had I not known it earlier . . . my Lord.

His passing was as graciously sudden as His coming, but He left us with a hallowed, comforting influence in that Inn which has made it forever a sacred spot for me, and which has followed me ever since.

I rose and went out into the darkness, and peered along the road in the hope that I might see Him once more, but He had passed on to do His gracious work elsewhere. I sat me down by the door of the Inn, and the hours of the night passed by; I mused over my day, and the comfort of His grace thrilled me through, and through, and thrills me even yet.

By and by, the birds of the morning began their song, the wee roadside animals gave me their timid glances as I sat so quietly there, and it seemed to me that kindness and pity for all timid and frail creatures had entered into my heart for evermore.

Away in the distance the morning sun was once more lighting up the city towers, and I hid me thither, not to the place of my shame and defeat, but to the place where my Lord waited again for me. And now He is with me for evermore, my Companion of the Way.

THE MIDGET

(Continued from page 7)

shop, while he stood forth and told the story of his repentance and faith and forgiveness to the astonished crowd, a crowd now made a larger crowd than ever.

The new recruit attracted much attention throughout the district, and the rowdiness grew ever more violent. Again the police interfered, this time threatening to close the street to any sort of demonstration. We were in a quandary. And then a new thing happened. The fishmonger made certain alterations so that his long slab could be moved at pleasure, and thus he was able to throw his open shop into immediate contact with the pavement. It instantly formed a protected stand for speakers, and nothing could prevent people standing before it to hear the message. Many "fish" were caught in that shop on Sunday mornings, while fish of another kind were sold there in the week. Soon one or two other tradesmen closed on Sunday also, and the lane became quite a centre of Army life and history in that district.

The Midget's Mother

And there was a sequel. The fish monger took care of the Midget, and by a strange

constraint of affection set to work to realize the desolate fellow's one earthly desire—to find his long lost mother. They had both been wanderers, she in connection with some travelling village fair, and he towards the great city, and thus they lost touch with one another. Perhaps he seldom thought of her in the years of his wickedness, but from the first hours of his Salvation he had sought to find her and sought without avail. He interested his benefactor, who set to work and advertised for her, interested some Mission friends in the quest, and communicated with such centres as he thought likely to provide information.

And she was found; in nakedness and misery and abject loneliness, but found. From that hour the Midget seemed a different man, more responsible, more dignified, more capable of work, and anxious above all things to provide for his mother. At first the fishmonger employed him in odd work about the business, then he set him to work for himself and made him an allowance which, with his earnings, kept them both in favorable conditions. The mother, hard, vicious, and at first unresponsive, was presently softened by the love and tenderness of the Midget and died in peace. Presently he died in the Faith.

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THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Founder.....William Booth
General.....Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters, London, Eng.
Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor.

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The Promises of God

THE promises of God contained in the Holy Scriptures are many—very many. They begin with that of the seed of the woman who shall bruise the head of the serpent, and they are variously expressed from age to age in adaptation to the specific condition of the individuals who are to be their beneficiaries. But in the last book of these sacred writings—the Apocalypse of John—they are all gathered up and comprehended in the seven promises to him that overcometh, contained in the seven epistles addressed to the seven churches of Asia; and they are still more fully comprehended in the person of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour; for—as it is written—"all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus."

The symbolic number seven covers the idea of their completeness. Taken together, there is nothing wanting in them as a perfect expression of the office of the divine love in its relation to the work of the sinner's salvation. And they are all issued on behalf of one and the same promise; they are all, severally and exclusively, to "him that overcometh."

They are the solar spectrum which the pure white light of the Sun of Righteousness gives us, as that light is transmitted to our observation through the prism of the Apocalypse. They are the rainbow which the spirit of revelation, as he communicated with the aged apostle John, in his exiles on the desert isle of Patmos, pictured upon the cloud which—as it must have appeared to him as a victim of persecution on account of his religious faith—enshrouded with threatening darkness and storm the church's future. They are promises for time and for eternity—to him that overcometh. They strengthen the promises for work and for trial. They assure him of an ultimate and glorious victory over every adversary. They inspire him with joyous hope,—with assurance of hope. They merge into one another; and they are all, severally, essential to the full expression of the divine love, of which they are the sevenfold manifestation. Their accomplishment begins with the regeneration of the subject, and is fulfilled in his glorification.

The first of the series is "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." By this we understand the endowment with the new, the divine eternal life, which is a gift conferred upon every one, so soon as he exercises faith in Jesus; for it is written, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." The seventh and last of the series is: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down on my Father's throne." Beyond this there is nothing more blessed and glorious to be an object of promise or of hope.

A Monument to a Brave Woman

Striking Symbolism of Three Mountain Peaks in Jasper National Park

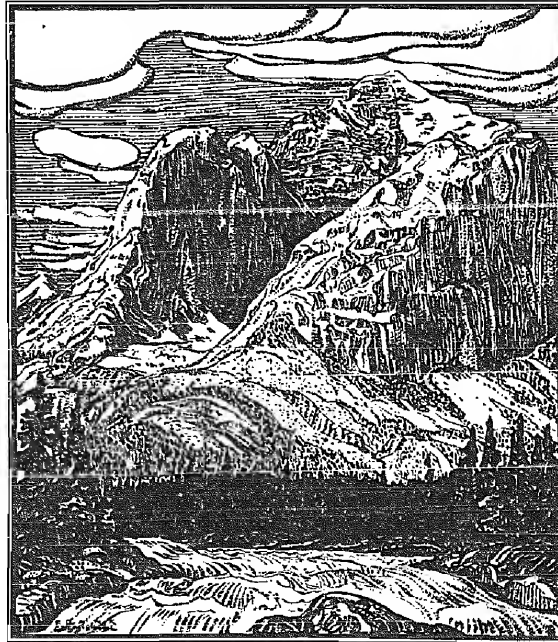
(See page 23)

HIGH above the Athabasca Valley in the heart of Jasper National Park, Mount Edith Cavell stands in regal splendor, a glorious monument to a glorious achievement of womanhood. Never was a more fitting monument conceived to perpetuate the memory of a sacrifice that has added new lustre to the name of woman.

Although it is flanked to the right and left by lofty mountains, Mount Edith Cavell rises supreme above them all, her plume of snow as pure and unadorned as the heart of the woman who dedicated

One of them is a sombre wall of black, scarcely ever snow-capped except in winter. To this height they gave the name Mount Sorrow. On the other stands a giant peak, scarcely less in height than Mount Edith Cavell, and two projecting walls give to it the appearance of a coronation chair. This peak they called Throne Mountain and the thought which lies behind the three is that out of her Sorrow, Edith Cavell ascended the Throne.

Across the breast of Mount Edith Cavell there hangs a glacier, so shaped as to leave the impression of the outspread



Mount Sorrow

her life to the service of mankind. The sheer beauty of this magnificent peak holds the visitor spellbound so that in his soul there can live no taint of the bitterness which war engendered, but only a lingering sense of pride for a life that was nobly lived and a death that was gallantly met.

Those who conceived the thought of perpetuating the memory of Nurse Edith Cavell in this fashion brought to their task high idealism and out of their labors wrought a triumvirate that is perfect in its symbolism. On each side of Mount Edith Cavell there stands a mountain.

wings of an angel. This glacier they have named the Glacier of the Angels, and forever it seems to hover like a benediction across the face of the mountain. In summer, when the sun shines hot, bubbling streams of pea green water issue from the glacier to form at last into a mountain torrent which dashes in mad disarray down the mountain side until it finds peace in the pure jade waters of a lake that nestles at the foot. This lake has been called The lake of Forgiveness, thus perpetuating the last words of this heroine as she faced her firing squad, "I forgive you."

(Continued foot of column 4)

He came—He lived—He died—He rose

By STAFF-CAPTAIN COLLIER

He came—the spotless Son of God—
To make atonement for us;
To intercept the threatening rod
Of Justice hanging o'er us.
And hark, in anger and surprise,
Behold the wondrous sacrifice;
While Angel songsters filled the skies,
With their applauding chorus.

He lived—the sinless Son of Man—
Our mortal nature wearing,
The better to achieve His plan,
Our toils and struggles sharing.
With those who wept, He shed the tear,
The sick took heart as He drew near;
His word the dead were wont to hear,
His sovereignty declaring.

He died—the Lamb from blemish free;
Oh! wondrous substitution!
He took our place upon the tree
Of wrath, the retribution;
His dying hath His love revealed,
Our aching wounds His stripes have healed,
His blood hath our redemption sealed,
Oh! glorious absolution.

He rose! He burst the sullen grave—
The Lord of all creation,
Took up again the life He gave,
Triumphant demonstration.
He lives to stem the awful flood,
The Justice of a holy God;
For us to plead His precious blood,
The price of our Salvation.

Ministrations of Angels

GOD'S ministering spirits are always with us, as we are distinctly taught from God's Word, where the promise of their protection to believers is plainly revealed.

To the weak and desponding in their conflict with the powers of darkness the promise comes, "The angel of the Lord Him, and delivereth them." The feeble-minded and wavering are sustained by the assurance, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." And to all followers of the blessed Master is the welcome declaration, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" The guardian care they exercise over little children, the precious lambs of our flock, and whose presence gladdens the loving circles of home, is expressed in the words of our blessed Saviour, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

Consider for a moment the power of a single angel, as revealed in the records of the Word of God. The preservation of Daniel by shutting the lions' mouth; the terrible visitation upon Herod for not giving glory to God; one angel smiting the camp of the Assyrians, with the blaspheming Sennacherib and one hundred and fourscore and five thousand were destroyed.

"Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and thrown.
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still."

And what vast numbers are ever ready to do the will of the Omnipotent. "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels." At the prayer of Elisha, "the eyes of his servant were opened, and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Our blessed Saviour in His great sorrow and agony in the garden reproved Peter with the revelation of His divine power—"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

Thus these powerful messengers of our Heavenly Father "who excel in strength and do His commandments," are ever around the pathway, extending a watchful care over His faithful children. In the hour of death, as with Bunyan's pilgrim, shining ones will wait upon the other bank of the river when "henceforth Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem," will be their home, and they shall have for companions the "innumerable company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect." In this abode of purity and bliss the sympathy with our humanity is so great that amid the rapture of the heavenly world "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." And when time shall be no more "God will send his angels with a great sound of trumpet, and they shall gather together His chosen ones from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other," and they will go no more out from His presence forever.

At the foot of the Glacier of the Angels each summer on the nearest Sunday to the fourth of August, there is held a memorial service to Edith Cavell. It is conducted by the chaplain of the park and to it come all creeds, colors and races who are nearby, to pay tribute to the memory of an ennobling soul. It is a service as simple, as natural and as beautiful as the life of Edith Cavell herself. There is nothing in it that might bespeak bitterness, nothing that might fan to flame again anger which the nations of the world are trying to forget, but only the uplifting thought of a life that was dedicated to the alleviation of suffering and of a death that spelled immortality.

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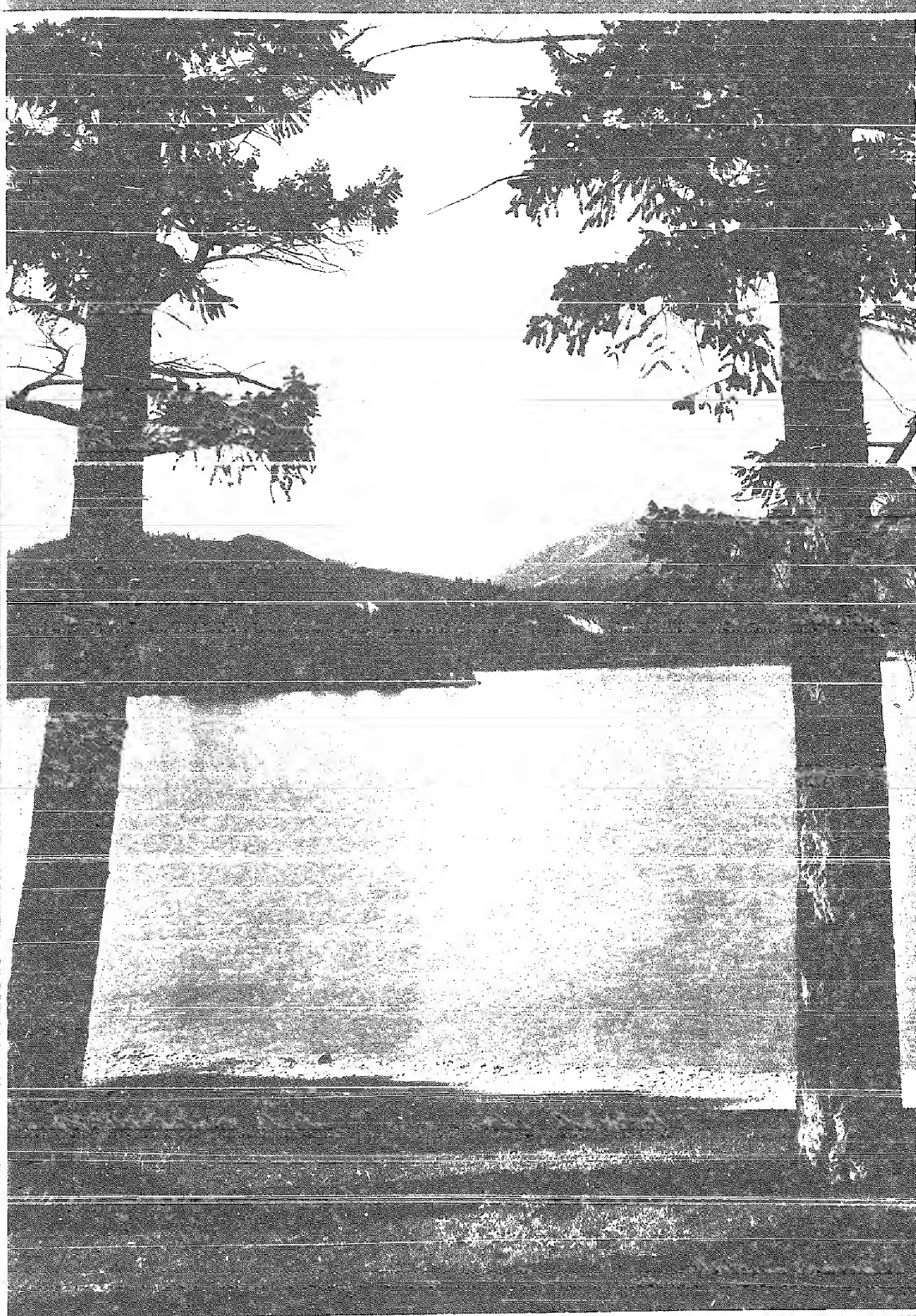
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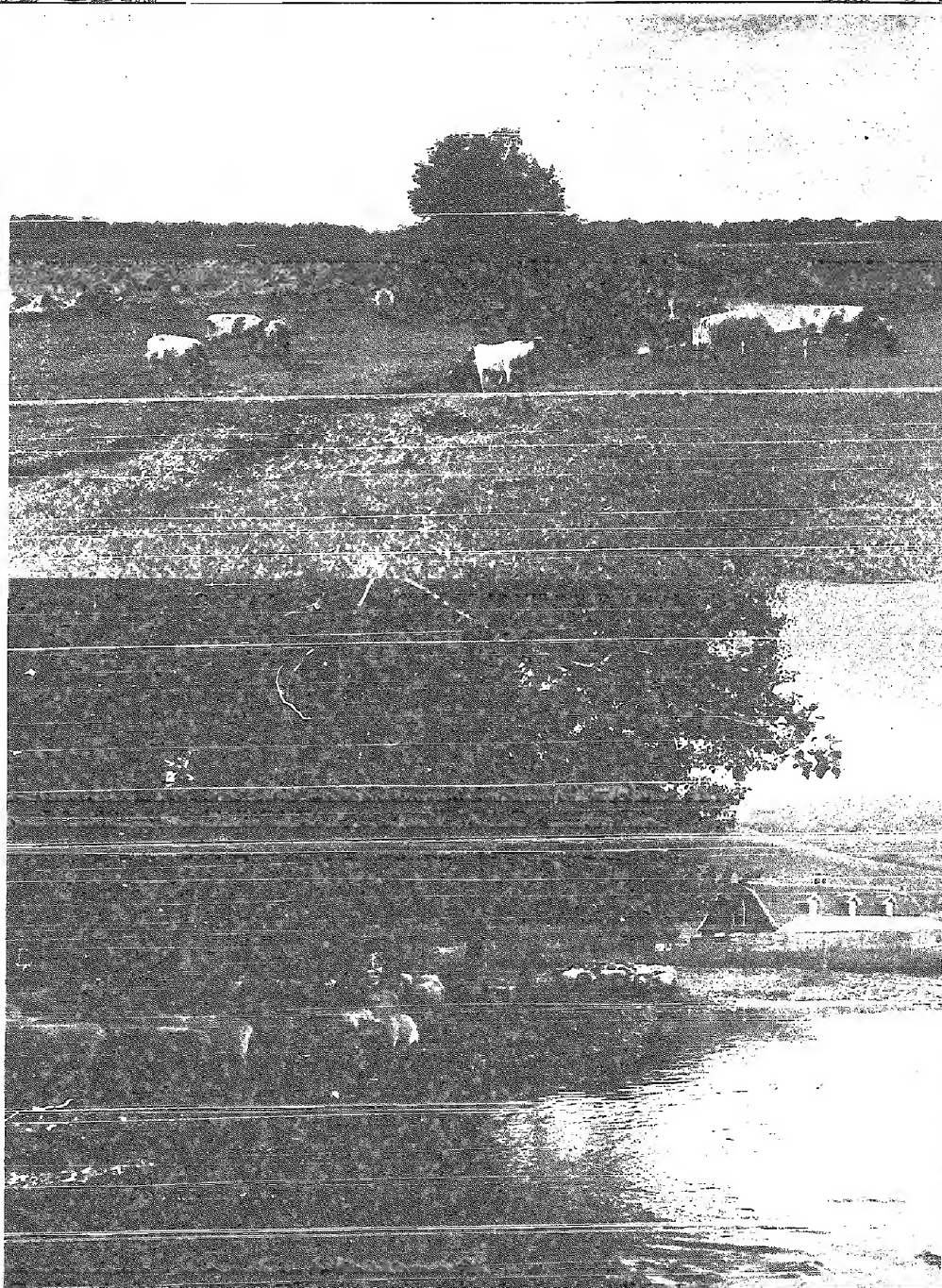
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Mount Edith Cavell in Jasper National Park
(See page 22)

Courtesy Canadian National Railways



Peaceful Pastoral Scenes in Western Canada.

Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific.

(Top photo) A dairy herd at Brandon, Man. (Lower photo) Sheep on the E. P. Ranch, Alberta.

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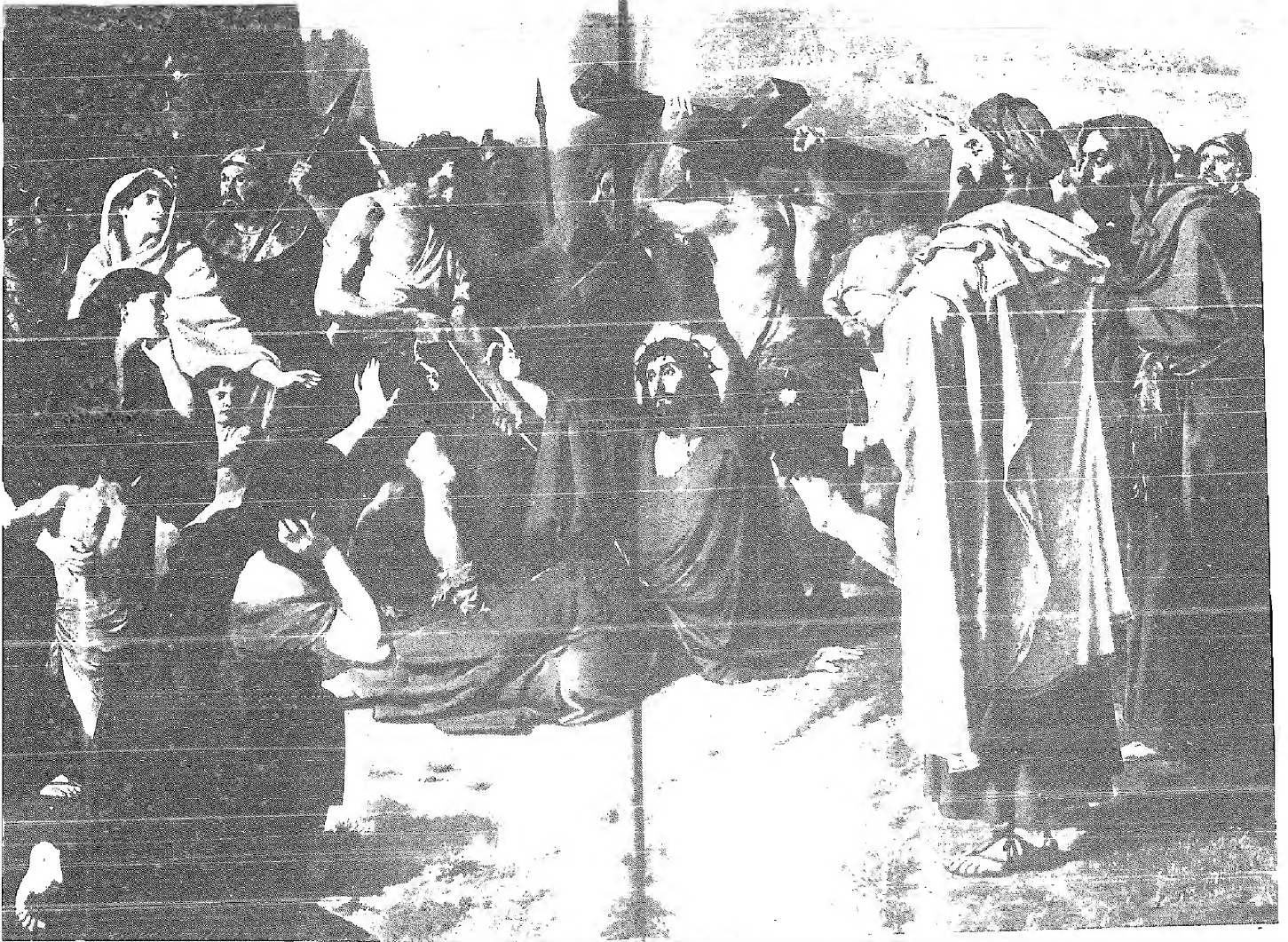
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THE TRAIL TO CALVARY

The artist has pictured the moment when Jesus falls under the cross and Simon of Cyrene is pressed into service to help Him bear the heavy burden. Jesus is also seen addressing the "daughter of Jerusalem."



THE TRAIL TO CALVARY

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